

# THE CANADIAN FORUM

Twenty-Ninth Year of Issue

July, 1949

## Vox Populi

Frank H. Underhill

► PERHAPS IT WAS because we live in Toronto and had to get most of our news about the progress of the campaign from the Toronto dailies. Perhaps it was because election propaganda in Ontario was superimposed upon a prolonged drought and heat wave. Anyway, the main impression we got from the fevered appeal to Canadian democracy during the past two months was one of mingled apathy and confusion. But our American neighbors last November showed that they were quite capable of doing their own thinking as voters, regardless of party machines, newspaper publishers and columnist pundits. Who shall say that we Canadians are not just as good? In the meantime here are a few notes.

(1) We have only sampled other newspapers intermittently, but without hesitation we declare that the prize for shameless and persistent misrepresentation should be divided equally between the editorial page of the Toronto *Globe and Mail* and the news pages of the Toronto *Star*. When will a newspaper publisher appear in this country who thinks that Canadians are grown-up enough to be exposed to factual objective analysis of issues and trends during an election campaign? Of course this may be only another way of asking when we shall get a publisher who is himself adult.

(2) The chief insult to the intelligence of the electorate this time was provided by the spectacle of Liberals and Conservatives belaboring each other as scoundrels while at the

same time they ran a coalition campaign in the provincial elections of British Columbia and made electoral arrangements for joint action in the federal sphere in British Columbia and elsewhere in order to keep the CCF from winning. If the threat of socialism to our liberties is so dangerous as they both say, and if each set of defenders of free enterprise is so unworthy of trust as the other says it is, what is the puzzled voter to conclude?

Is he to be influenced by their noisy scurrilous words about each other or by the quiet arrangements which their party machines make to help each other? Can he conclude anything but that the main interest of both Liberals and Conservatives is simply to get into office, and that their real opinion about the voter is that he is a stupid boob?

(3) All parties promised the same things—full employment, housing, health schemes. If we are to believe their electoral promises, there is no significant political group in Canada who have not accepted the full implications of the twentieth-century welfare state. Yet in the middle of the election, the papers were full also of reports of Chamber of Commerce meetings at which spokesmen of business deplored “paternalism” and “regimentation,” and preached nineteenth-century laissez-faire—with the full approval of the newspaper editors.



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Didn't somebody once remark, when speaking about diplomacy, that Talleyrand deceived without lying whereas Metternich lied without deceiving? In this matter of welfare and social-service legislation the Liberals are our Canadian Talleyrands and the Conservatives our Metternichs. Ever since young Mr. Mackenzie King in 1919 wrote into the Liberal platform an advanced program of social reform (most of which is not yet, in 1949, carried out, though the Liberals have been in office for most of the intervening thirty years) he and his party colleagues have managed to convey the impression that they are deeply interested in social legislation. But no sign of practical action ever appears except when the party is badly in need of support from some important group of voters. Thus family allowances, a policy considerably in advance of public opinion as far as one could judge from previous discussion, was introduced at a moment when the government needed something to sweeten Quebec opinion which was showing signs of going sour on conscription. Some twenty years earlier old age pensions had been introduced when Mr. King needed Progressive support in the House. When in office there is no doubt that a Liberal government will from time to time pass other social measures. Whether its pace will be any less leisurely than it was in the 1920's and 1930's depends entirely on the size and vigor of the CCF group that may be elected to the Opposition.

As for the Progressive Conservatives, their election-time enthusiasm for government action on housing and health does not seem to have deceived very many. For the whole purpose of the elaborate Drew-Duplessis build-up of "provincial rights" is, of course, to create a situation that prevents advance in this direction.

(4) The Liberals brought on the election in June instead of waiting for the parliamentary session to be completed in order to get it over with before the country feels the full force of the economic storm that is blowing up from across the Atlantic. Canada is drifting into a crisis of external trade because Britain and Western Europe have not recovered as expected, have no prospect of being economically on their feet by 1952, and therefore cannot buy as much of our products as we should like to sell them; and because the United States shows every sign of refusing to let them use Marshall dollars indefinitely to buy Canadian goods "off shore" when the Americans have competing goods of their own to sell.

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## To Our Readers

Each year for the past eleven years *The Canadian Forum* deficit has been met by a group of less than 200 subscribers who have made annual contributions to our Sustaining Fund. This started with a very small group of 67 friends in 1938 and has grown slowly each year. They alone have made it possible to publish this magazine.

In this period the circulation has nearly doubled, from 1286 subscribers in June, 1938, to the present figure of 2556. Library circulation was 123 in Canada and 124 in the U.S. The figure is now 279 in Canada and 400 in the U.S. with an additional 20 libraries in New Zealand, Australia, and South America. The magazine started with 35 subscribers in April, 1920. The average annual subsidy from the Sustaining Fund has been \$1134. Contributions to the Fund run from \$1 to \$100; the average donation is just under \$10.

Our budget is small even with greatly increased costs of production. Total expense in 1948 was \$10,137.65. We are not able to pay for articles, stories and poetry, and our editor, and members of the editorial board contribute their work without pay. In addition considerable help in the mailing of issues each month is donated by friends in Toronto. The cartoon feature is a gift, and one friend of very long standing undertakes to do the final proof-reading each month. Total full-time paid staff is two on the magazine and one on the *Book Service*.

In 1948 the total Fund contribution from 132 friends was \$1,417.00 and the *Book Service* contributed a profit after all expenses of another \$629.67. Many subscribers are already regular customers of the *Book Service*, and they have contributed greatly to its success. It also serves a large number of book buyers who are not subscribers and now acts as Canadian buying agent for several libraries in the U.S. But we finished the year in debt on ordinary printing and paper bills.

A complete report of finances is sent each year to all Fund members and the report for 1948 has already been sent this year. We are confident that we will hear from our Fund members, but we cannot expect that this small group can double its contribution—and that is what we need if we are to be free of debt at the end of this year. We would be glad to hear from another 200 readers who would like to help.

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# THE CANADIAN FORUM

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## The Paris Talks

The conference of the Big Four on the settlement of the German and Austrian problems has ended and the three weeks of negotiation have brought some last-minute success. The way is now open for an Austrian peace treaty and the tension between the West and the East in Germany will probably be somewhat reduced. The promise of the Russians never to blockade Berlin again is rather ludicrous, but Berliners will undoubtedly feel happier now than they did when the blockade was on. Some trade now between the Western and Eastern zones of Germany will be able to develop.

The behavior of the Foreign Ministers throughout, gave the impression that apart from the Germans no one really wanted to see a unified Germany. Propaganda for home consumption was produced, undoubtedly with the desired effect, but Germany remains divided, and technically not at peace. It is more than likely that the Russians requested the conference because of economic difficulties within the countries under its orbit. The Molotov Plan did not prove as satisfying to her satellites as was hoped, and the success of the Marshall Plan, temporary though it may be, made it clear that the West was doing quite well in the economic cold war.

The partial success of the conference may lead to a gradual improvement of trade relations between the West and the East generally, and if this should prove so, then the conference will assume greater importance than that with which it is now credited. For while such a development would strengthen the Russians, and there are strong indications that they badly need such strengthening, it would also be of a distinct advantage to the West. American prosperity will not last forever, and a slump in her economy would inevitably lead to the eventual failure of the Marshall Plan. A healthy exchange of goods between the Russian zones of Europe and the Marshall Plan countries would improve the general European economy, making the Western countries less dependent on American aid, and, what is more important, might break down some of the barriers now dividing the two worlds. Peace can be built on economic interdependence, and it appears that at present a promising basis for an agreement between the West and the East could be found in the field of international trade. Like the Paris talks, such an agreement would be no more than a *modus vivendi*, but could be one leading to the period of relative calm so earnestly desired by the people in all countries of the world. A real peace might follow the era of economic co-operation.

## Law and Disorder

The present Communist witch-hunt in the United States has rather paralyzed liberal criticism, because of the complexity of factors and uneven distribution of sympathies involved. On the one hand, the democratic tradition gives the widest possible freedom of action in politics; on the other hand, the American people feel that in the present state of affairs Communists are for all practical purposes agents of Russia and active enemy aliens. Thus Communism is legal, but discouraged by intimidation; it cannot be prosecuted, so it has to be persecuted. Unlike the witch-hunt of 1919, the present moves against Communism have a good deal of popular support, as Russia has thrown away all the vast goodwill which, a few years ago, she could have had for the

asking from the American public. Liberals and intellectuals who find in Communism the enemy of everything they stand for hardly know what to say, as they disapprove of the means employed while recognizing a certain amount of sense in the anti-Communist drive.

The trouble is that there is no substitute for a reign of law except a reign of terror. If steps are taken against Communism outside the regular legal channels, they cannot help being violent and arbitrary. Without a legal definition of Communism, which would protect the Communist as well as the non-Communist, there is nothing to stop some people from calling anyone a Communist whom they regard as sufficiently dangerous. Without definite legal procedures, there is nothing to stop the anti-Communist drive from being led by people with lynching mentalities, who regard the processes of law as too cumbersome and slippery to work properly in an emergency situation. Whatever good the Dies and Thomas committee hearings may have done, the evil of intimidation, character assassination, forcible suppression of evidence and the spreading of terrorized insecurity among government employees far outweighs it. To try to outlaw something by outlawed means in the name of the law is a hopeless paradox, and every step in contempt of law taken by a democracy brings it so much nearer to the processes of police espionage, torture and secret arrest which democrats hate so much in the totalitarian countries.

There are great and perilous difficulties involved in declaring the Communist party illegal, but at least such a procedure would put all suspected people to some extent under the democratic guarantees of personal security and presumption of innocence prior to legally proved guilt. The law may be imperfect, and even more imperfectly administered, but still it does possess our inherited liberties. As it is, the real Communists are far less vulnerable than their innocent bystanders to the reckless mud-slinging, private feuds and official spreading of slander which have resulted from the Thomas hearings.

## Campaigns and the Voter

On election day, according to the dominant social myth, the citizen gives his judgment in favour of the party which represents best his philosophy of good government. In doing so, he instructs his representatives in the House of Commons on the kind of policies which they should follow. When political parties advertise policies which are not going to be carried out, when they try to hit the headlines with sensational attacks upon each other, they are clearly trying to prevent the voter from giving any clear instructions to anyone. The Liberal and Progressive Conservative parties use high-priced advertising agencies to give their messages to the people. They buy expensive advertising space in the daily press to promise advanced social measures. No device of the modern art of publicity is neglected. To finance their handsomely-mounted promises, they require large contributions from the wealthier corporations. After the election, the corporations, in their turn, see to it that the more enlightened promises are not performed. Thus it is not a simple matter of neglected promises; it is a deliberate choice of promises in preference to performance.

The love of power for its own sake which this implies in personally estimable men like Mr. St. Laurent, most of his

cabinet, and many Conservative leaders, is alarming. The recent campaign was distinguished by the blatant inconsistencies of Conservative policies and by the shameless Liberal repetitions of all the broken promises of 1945—housing, health insurance, social security and full-employment policies.

In urban constituencies, it is said that the price of old-party candidacy is now beyond all reason. There is still a parasitical class of professional election agents who operate in the best tradition of those Trollopian heroes, Mr. Nearthe-wind and Mr. Closerstill. Here too is an open denial of the sovereignty of the people.

The election campaign has little place in government by the people. The parties to whom politics is essentially the running of a good campaign will, we hope, give way to parties to whom politics is the business of government in the public interest. To a great extent, the growth of the CCF vote must reflect the growing realization of the voters that they are being swindled by the old parties. The first response of the old parties to this threat has been to imitate socialist policies in their promises while denouncing socialism as totalitarian. The art of advertising, having spoiled the economic theory of the free market by distorting the behavior of consumers, is now spoiling the theory of free government by making the popular will act, not upon legislation, but upon the election campaign.

## Crop Insurance

The almost annual recurrence—this year is certainly no exception—of very substantial crop losses attributable to drought, hail, and to insect pests underlies the necessity of facing the problem of crop insurance. The federal government has made a start in this direction under the Prairie Farm Assistance Act of 1939. This approach is, however, on a non-actuarial basis and carries very limited benefits. It is financed by a one per cent levy against all grain marketed through licensed channels, with deficits made up from the public treasury. The really important aspect of the P.F.A.A. is that its ten years of experience are sufficient background for launching a comprehensive scheme of crop insurance. It would also be possible to draw on the experience of the United States where, after some ten years of pilot plant tests, thoroughgoing crop insurance is available for some half dozen major crops, including wheat.

The inordinate degree of instability which characterizes our agriculture places severe burdens on farmers; and the effects of these are quickly translated to the balance of the economy. Thus measures which add to the stability of agriculture contribute to keeping the whole economy on a stable basis. This, plus avoiding relief payments from Provincial and Federal treasuries to victims of crop failures, gives the government a sufficient interest in crop insurance to warrant payment of the modest subsidies necessary to make a voluntary actuarial scheme palatable to farmers in low-yield areas.

A major benefit which would arise from crop insurance is that it would encourage the rationalization of Prairie agriculture. There is no use in avoiding further the fact that wheat-growing must be further limited in the poorest areas of the Prairies. In the series of good crop years since the P.F.A.A. went into effect, some areas of Saskatchewan have received benefits in every year with one exception. An actuarially determined crop insurance plan requiring high premiums in such areas would point to the facts of low productivity in blunt terms. It would encourage adjustments which have been required for many years.

## Vox Populi

(Continued from page 74)

Nobody knows how we are going to come through this sharpening crisis. And none of the parties, during the election, including the CCF, treated the public to a frank discussion of what the difficulties really mean. The Drew mumbo-jumbo about making our dollars and British pounds "convertible" was even worse nonsense than the Bennett solutions for our economic difficulties in the 1930's. The CCF talked about bilateral trade pacts with Britain and the European countries; but this is to ignore the fact that most of the manufactured goods which they want to sell us can be obtained more cheaply from the United States or from our own industry. The Liberal government since 1947 had been quietly doing what it could to shift more of our trade to the United States, which seems the only hopeful line of approach. But this cannot be avowed as a policy for fear of impassioned appeals to the British connection. Yet the plain fact is that the British and European markets are not likely to recover for many years, and that Canada, whose whole economy has been built up on British and European markets, is therefore approaching a crisis.

Is it significant of what all our political leaders really think of the intelligence and sense of responsibility of the Canadian people that they all skated round this question very gingerly and discussed it chiefly with slogans and clichés? Perhaps the best we can hope for is that the election will result in a government willing to leave "the long-haired intellectuals in the ivory towers" of the Departments of Finance and Commerce and of the Bank of Canada free to handle this crisis as best they can. But when one says this he reveals something disturbing about his own faith in democracy.

(5) The *Canadian Forum* shares the moral indignation of Liberals and CCFers at the cynical Drew-Duplessis-Houde alliance of ultra-British imperialists with fanatical anti-British French nationalists, of wartime conscriptionists with anti-conscriptionists, of enthusiasts for English-speaking immigration with opponents of all immigration. We think that this represents the lowest point morally to which Canadian politics has ever descended. But we may as well remember that in the 1880's, when racial and religious passions were at their height over the Riel affair, Sir John Macdonald ruled Canada with just such an alliance; he had an ex-Grand Master of the Orange Order and the chief spokesman of extreme ultramontane French Catholicism sitting side by side in his cabinet; and the Liberals were trying hard to break his alliance and to construct a similar one of their own. In 1911 the Borden Conservatives, who denounced Laurier's naval bill as isolationist and anti-British, defeated Laurier through an alliance with the Bourassa Nationalists who denounced the bill as selling out Canada to British imperialism; and one of Borden's cabinet ministers from Quebec after the election was a gentleman who had publicly announced his ambition to shoot holes in the Union Jack in order that the breezes of liberty might blow through it. This sort of thing happens in our country because one hundred years of self-government have not brought any deep or abiding unity between English Canadians and French Canadians, and so an artificial unity has to be manufactured *ad hoc* by politicians with a nose for office. When distressing events of this kind occur, no doubt the eye of faith (possessed chiefly by our historians) can discern the process by which even through such unworthy instruments some higher unity is being achieved.

(6) Mr. Drew has rushed up and down, like an enraged bull in a pasture field, snorting and bellowing and tossing



his head. A bull is both too bellicose and too stupid an animal to be made a model by a man aspiring to the government of a society like ours.

(7) The strange differences of opinion within the CCF about the Atlantic Pact are fully as disconcerting and embarrassing as CCF opponents have tried to make them. By this time the CCF should have eliminated crypto-Communists and fellow-travellers from its ranks. Perhaps one should charitably assume that the elements in the western branches of the party who refused to support the Atlantic Pact are innocent idealists devoted in their own fashion to the cause of peace. But it is hard to believe in such innocence in the year 1949, thirty-two years after the Russian Revolution. And if you do believe in it, how are you to answer critics who say that a party with so many innocents in important positions in its membership has discredited itself as a party claiming to be considered capable of responsible office?

Apart from this issue the CCF seemed to us to have all the better of the political arguments. But it is still a long way from power. Its campaign was not dramatic or colorful, and a party ought to be able to succeed in being both without becoming melodramatic or lurid like the Drew shock-troops. How the CCF is to meet the fantastic campaign expenditures which are brought to bear against it as it becomes stronger, we confess we do not know. But it might press much more energetically for reforms in our election laws which would compel official audit and publicity in the matter of party funds. And it still needs to devote far more attention to educational work between elections. Consider the flood of books and pamphlets which between 1931 and 1945 poured not merely from the Labor party itself but also from the Fabian Society, the Left Book Club and the Socialist League, and which paved the way for twelve million Labor votes in 1945. Since the first two or three years of the CCF's existence, what have we in Canada to show in comparison with that? —(June 20, 1949).

## Political Trends in Austria

*Karl F. Helleiner*

► THE FOUR YEARS' LIFE SPAN accorded to the federal parliament of Austria under her constitution is drawing to its close, and this coming September the people will be called upon to go to the polls. A generation ago impending elections in a small European country would hardly have merited more than a passing remark in any Canadian periodical. But at this juncture no political event, however remote, can be regarded as a matter of indifference. The equilibrium of power in our world is a highly unstable one: even a minor shift in weight may upset it, and the consequences may be far-reaching indeed.

Fortunately, social conditions in Austria are such as to warrant the confident prediction that the forthcoming elections will not produce any upheaval in the political structure of the republic. Unlike their sister parties in other countries of continental Europe, the Austrian Communists have always remained a negligible political quantity. In 1919, when revolutionary excitement ran high, the masterly tactics of the Social-Democratic Party had succeeded in preventing a split in the ranks of Austrian labor; and ever since the Communists had remained politically insignificant. Only once or twice during the First Republic did they succeed in electing a single M.P. The clerical-fascist regime from 1933 to 1938, the Nazi tyranny, and war undoubtedly tended to foster radicalism among the masses, and substantial Communist

gains in the first postwar elections in November, 1945, would not have been surprising. But whatever hopes the party may have entertained failed to materialize. True, the Communists did increase their voting strength from a total of 21,000 in 1930 to nearly 175,000 in 1945. Yet this last-named figure represented less than 5½ per cent of the total votes, and, under the Austrian system of proportional representation, did not give the Communists more than four seats (out of 165) in the federal parliament.

This decisive defeat of the Communist movement in Central Europe—for that is what the Austrian elections in 1945 amounted to—requires a word of explanation. For the Communist fiasco occurred in a country whose eastern half was occupied by Russian troops; and it contrasted strikingly with the great electoral success of the Communists in neighboring Czechoslovakia a few months after the Austrian elections. That the Communists should make any inroads on the traditionally conservative Austrian villages was hardly to be expected. But a shift to the left among the urban working classes might indeed have been anticipated. The chief reason why the Communists failed to make headway even in the cities was that the Austrian people identified the party with the Russians, whose atrocious behavior during "liberation" was still fresh in the memory of men—and women—half a year after that orgy of violence.

Meanwhile the shock suffered by the Austrian population during the weeks of "liberation" may to some extent have worn off. However, it is safe to say that the Russians are not any better liked today than they were in 1945. (Nor, for that matter, are any of the other three occupying powers. One suspects that even the heavenly host, were it ever to be used as an army of occupation, would soon lose popular favor; and soldiers are far from being angels). The Communists, whose press and parliamentary representatives have shown an attitude of unswerving subservience to their Russian masters, are liable to be included in the whole-hearted dislike the common man feels toward the latter. The results of last year's elections to the Works' Councils have shown that the Communist Party has lost some ground among labor in recent years. Barring systematic intimidation or downright interference with the freedom of voting in the Russian zone of occupation, the Austrian Communists should not make any headway in the forthcoming elections, and may indeed lose some of the ground gained in 1945.

The main contest, then, will be fought, as it has been in the past, between the Socialist Party and its right-wing opponents. But any attempt to assess their respective chances of success is complicated by a number of unknown factors. In the last federal elections the conservative Austrian People's Party obtained 1,602,000 votes (49.8 per cent) as against 1,435,000 votes (44.6 per cent) polled by the Socialists. These results gave the People's Party 85, and the Socialists 76 seats in parliament. However, these figures are not of any great help to the forecaster. For, even assuming that no major changes in the political allegiance of the 1945 electorate have occurred—a reasonable assumption—the outcome of this year's elections may be decisively influenced by three large groups of voters who, in 1945, either did not have the franchise or were prevented from exercising their right to vote. Next to nothing is known of the political loyalties of these three groups—the four age classes who have moved up since 1945, the "minor" Nazis, who were disfranchised in 1945, but whose civic privileges have since been restored, and the prisoners of war who returned to their country after 1945. Even the number of these new voters is a matter of conjecture.

Another major query is this. Will permission be granted to a fourth party to organize, and contest the election? Such

a party, whatever its name and ostensible platform, would be certain to become the catch-all for ex-Nazis and other disgruntled voters, indeed for all those—and their number may be surprisingly large—who for one reason or another cannot find a spiritual home in the existing parties. The Socialists, confident of the oft-tested loyalty of their members and adherents, profess to be in favor of a fourth party, on grounds of democratic principles. The Austrian People's Party, on the other hand, might anticipate substantial losses, if the non-Socialist electors were given an alternative to casting their votes for the one and only bourgeois party. For this reason it is opposed to the idea of admitting a fourth political group. The final decision of this ticklish question presumably rests with the Allied Control Council, and any prediction as to its solution would clearly be hazardous.

Because of all these uncertainties any analysis of political trends must remain tentative. However, the main features of the situation stand out reasonably clearly. The Austrian Parliament is elected under a system of proportional representation, which normally prevents political landslides. Thus, whatever shifts of power may occur on the right as a result of the appearance of a new bourgeois party, the Socialists can be expected to retain their present position. The chances are that they will emerge as the strongest party in the new House, though it is doubtful whether they will be able to obtain an absolute majority. But even in this unlikely event the present coalition government of the two major parties would probably continue in office for some time to come. Economic and political conditions are still too unsettled to make it desirable for any party to shoulder the heavy responsibilities of governing an occupied and impoverished country single-handed.

## Foreign Investments in Latin America

*Robert J. Alexander*

► PRESIDENT TRUMAN in his inauguration speech put forth the proposition that it was the duty of the more industrialized nations to aid the economic development of the more backward parts of the world. If carried forward in the spirit in which it was apparently proposed by Mr. Truman, such a program will go far toward helping to strengthen the economic positions of countries which contain a majority of the earth's population, raise the standards of living of those peoples, and provide a solid basis for the development of the democratic way of life.

This proposition of the American president raises once again the question of investments by richer, stronger powers within the boundaries of their poorer and weaker neighbors. And it may be of some use, therefore, to review quickly the extent to which such investment has already been made in one of the backward areas under discussion, Latin America. In this connection it will perhaps be of special interest to note the extent to which Canadian capital has participated in the process of investment in the twenty Latin American republics.

The British took the lead in investing in Latin America. They had been quite influential in aiding the former Spanish and Portuguese colonies to achieve their independence, in return for which Britain hoped to increase its trade with the area which, under Spanish domination, had been virtually closed to all trade except that coming from the mother country. The British hopes were to a large degree fulfilled, and for half to three-quarters of a century this investment

process continued. British money went to build the railroads of Argentina, Brazil, Chile, and many other countries. So much is this so that anyone familiar with the British railroads will be struck with how much those of many Latin American countries are patterned after the lines in Great Britain.

British funds poured into these countries to construct public utilities as well, with electric, gas, and other power projects being constructed under British direction and money. The textile industry in some parts of the continent was pioneered by the British, and until comparatively recently, most of the textile plants of the region used machinery purchased in Great Britain. Other industries, such as packinghouses, cigarette factories, nitrate mines, and department stores, still bear the stamp of their English or Scottish origin. And in the field of banking, a number of the leading financial institutions of the area have been British.

The great wave of investment from the United Kingdom came in the period before the First World War. During that period there was some considerable investment by other European countries, including France, whose nationals built railroads, sugar mills, and other projects; Belgium, whence came money and technical skill to found small iron and steel plants, and some other enterprises; Italy, whence came branches of European enterprises, in part to serve the needs of the large number of Italian immigrants who were then flooding into South as well as North America; and Germany, whence came capital to establish a variety of enterprises from steamship lines to banks.

The First World War resulted in a decline in the relative importance of European investment in Latin America, and an increase in the influence of North America—both U.S. and Canadian—in Latin America. The Central Powers saw many of their investments confiscated or otherwise taken over by the Latin countries which were at least technically at war with them. Britain found some difficulties in meeting the competition from the United States while in the midst of a war at home. So during the last thirty years North American investments have been of increasing importance in the region. The Americans took over British interests in several public utility concerns. U.S. money opened up new industries, such as telephone and telegraph, petroleum, textiles, packinghouses, mining enterprises. Hundreds of U.S. manufacturing concerns have opened branch factories in Latin American countries.

U.S. investments tended to be concentrated more heavily in the Caribbean area and the West Coast of South America. In a number of the countries in or bordering on the West Indies, the power of the U.S. economic giants, such as the United Fruit Co., the Electric Bond and Share, and the National City Bank, to name but three, is almost overwhelming. In Chile and Peru American-owned mining enterprises (in Chile U.S. interests virtually took over the nitrate industry from the British) play a very significant role. Throughout the area, transportation giants such as Pan American Airways and the Grace Lines (the latter has a far-flung net of enterprises including textile mills, sugar refineries, and banks) are of commanding importance. Without a doubt U.S. investments in Latin America are the most important foreign element in the economy of those countries as a group.

However, in most reports on foreign investments in Latin America discussion virtually ceases after a review of British and American influence. Little or no attention is paid to the extent of Canadian investments in the area. This is in spite of the fact that these investments are extensive and in some areas are of first-rank importance.

The most significant concentrations of Canadian capital in Latin America are to be found in public utilities and in banking. In Mexico and in Brazil Canadian-owned public utility companies control the supply of power and light to the countries' principal cities. In Brazil, the Brazilian Traction, Light and Power Co. Ltd., a Canadian enterprise, supplies power, light, gas, and in some cases water to the two principal cities of Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paulo. It also runs the trolley cars and some buses in these cities and has a number of other enterprises. Just recently this company received a sizeable loan from the International Bank of Reconstruction and Development to modernize its services.

In Mexico, the electric current of Mexico City and the northern industrial city of Monterrey is provided by a Canadian corporation. This group has franchises for operation until beyond the end of the present century. A number of provincial towns are also dependent on this same enterprise for their light, heat, and power.

Second only to public utilities as a field of Canadian investments in Latin America are the banks. Three institutions are particularly active, the Royal Bank of Canada, the Dominion Bank, and the Bank of Nova Scotia. In Cuba they share with U.S. lending institutions the lion's share of the field of commercial banking and in addition are very important in the sugar country, the country's principal economic asset. The Royal Bank of Canada has branches in most of the Latin American countries and in Haiti, for instance, it and the National Bank of Haiti, a government institution, are the only banks operating. In part the Royal Bank of Canada has grown by absorbing or buying out British banking interests. The other two Canadian banks are of less importance.

In the field of mining, the Canadians have also contributed something in Latin America. In Nicaragua and Colombia, particularly, there are significant Canadian interests in gold mines. In the related field of petroleum, there are important Canadian interests in Mexico and Venezuela. In manufacturing, shipping, and some other fields there is some Canadian investment, though this is not very significant in the general picture of those industries.

During recent years there has been a significant trend toward nationalization in some countries. Thus in Argentina the British-owned railroads and the American-owned telephones have been bought out by the government. In Mexico, of course, the oil industry has been confiscated. The Canadian Eagle Oil Co., among others, lost its holdings, for compensation. In Costa Rica, a locally owned bank bought out the local affiliate of the Royal Bank of Canada in the middle 1930's.

Of course this kind of direct investment by companies and individuals domiciled in the more industrialized countries has had disadvantages. In many cases, these investments were used as an excuse for political and diplomatic intervention by the foreign governments concerned. This is particularly true of American and British investments. It is because they arrived comparatively late, and also because, until recent years at least, Canada was not in a position of sufficient power and influence to browbeat its Latin American neighbors.

Of course, in recent years, the mores of foreign investment in Latin America has changed significantly. The Good Neighbor Policy started by Roosevelt on the one hand and the disintegration of British Imperial power, plus the great rise in nationalism and self-esteem in the Latin American countries themselves, have forced a change in policy by the investing powers. The great problem now is to find ways and means for carrying out the necessary foreign investment in these countries without interfering with the sovereignty or wounding the sensibilities of the Latins.

## Sub-Arctic Seasoning

John Nicol

VI

► THE MAN who comes North to rest and reflect or "to get away from it all" may not find it so easy as he thinks. It is true that newspapers are gratefully few and completely out of date upon arrival. The home-town journals are read primarily for news of the matched-and-hatched variety glittering through the "social" pages. In matters of headline interest, only events of undeniable importance have the stamina to withstand delayed transmission over the intervening distance. This filtration saves much wear and tear on the nervous system and could be adopted anywhere by anybody beginning to feel the pressure exerted by editors emphasizing the news that presumably will increase circulation figures. It is valid to assume that if anything of importance occurs, the word of it will be passed verbally and in a hurry. Now that leaves just the problem presented by the radio blaring down the hall.

Even in the sub-Arctic plausible voices still seek one out to drip oily and empty assurance that a cake of soap makes a bride or that father would look for no brighter Valentine than a case of beer (this gem comes from Chicago). Between times, uninformative news-broadcasts are purveyed in cris-laden tones; hockey games verge on synthetic hysteria; and "ballad" singers uniformly disguise their dearth of talent by hoisting, hardening, and hanging on to their final note until even Jack Benny's studio audience would recognize the plea for applause. How long "quiz" programs are to endure becomes a question involving skill in astro-mathematics to answer.

The remedy so far evolved for this type of ear-ache is to tune in the British Broadcasting Corporation—loudly. If one courteously overlooks occasional attempts to imitate American "comic" shows and quarter-hours starring Gene Autry (such requests seem invariably to come from the Falkland Islands and probably shouldn't be counted), there is enough entertaining and informative matter on the General Overseas Service to renew one's confidence in the potentialities of radio. The British programs cater to grown-ups—the children's features are well worth hearing too—and there's no need to exercise a mental black-out dodging commercials publicizing someone's patented soap, salts, or soporific. The CBC too once sponsored stations owned by and for the listening audience.

There is still an opportunity in the north for the CBC to make its way, while at the same time contributing materially to this country's development. These territories even now have a community of interests, but they are served almost exclusively by the post-managers of the Hudson's Bay Company and their low-powered radio transmitters and receivers. The Department of Transport is primarily concerned with operating air services, ships in due season, and reporting weather data; the RCAF restricts its broadcasting to exigencies of the service; a scattering of amateurs tell each other where they live and how warm or cold it was the day before.

At the present time, the CBC's antique "Northern Messenger" is its only recognizable gesture toward the North. Personnel producing that program might be reminded that the messages they handle are taken seriously by sender and recipient. It would be courtesy for announcers to save their heavy-handed clowning for their own time, meanwhile to get on about the job. New public-service programs designed to facilitate personal communication, combined with intelligent and lively reporting of the North as the great country it is,

would be a refreshing venture. With imagination and just a touch of enterprise, a Northern Service could be organized and supported — there is enough activity now from the Yukon eastward to provide sustaining programs of varied interest. Just as the General Overseas Service of the BBC is successfully selling Britain abroad, the CBC might be the instrument for stimulating a purely Canadian consciousness among Canadians: there's no better way to begin than by stimulating interest in Canada's own frontier. It would be a pity to submit by default to a belated forty-ninth place in the American cultural and economic union.

Meantime we consort with the BBC to relieve our isolation "vapors" and go hard on indoor sports. The billiard table has now survived successive tournaments designed to qualify winners for "The Eastern Arctic Open." The word "winners" is deliberately chosen because championship games have a tendency to attract volleys of abuse from non-participants and the cross-fire of uninhibited criticism from opponents. With superfluous advice, a rickety table and patched cloth, and cues distressingly unreliable as to tips, scoring is difficult and the eventual outcome of closely-contested games a matter of judicious doubt. At the moment, this station sports three plain "Champions," two equally clamorous winners in the "Hudson Bay Sweeps," and several who hold titles of their own devising for which they decline to meet challengers. This unsporting conduct however is of temporary duration: with the arrival of "outsiders" in summer, the ranks close, experience is pooled, invective is refurbished, and a co-operative clash begins for dis-possession of the "Enamelled Urn Stakes" . . . the losing team being compelled to cherish this unwieldy and obvious object until they are able to present it in their own turn as victors with appropriate comment, jeers, and gestures. Pathe News never recorded anything quite like this.

## Twenty-Five Years Ago

Vol. 4, No. 46, July, 1924, *The Canadian Forum*.

The full results of the insurgency [This was a revolt in the Progressive Party, so called. The insurgents were supported by the *Farmers' Sun* and the *United Farmer of Alberta* and also by the *Ottawa Citizen* which alone of the daily press had consistently backed the new movement.] cannot be yet appraised, but if it is backed by a majority volume of Progressive opinion in the country, its eventual fruits cannot fail to be very disconcerting to the political manipulators who have been looking forward with confidence to the restoration of the good old bi-party system at the next election. Candidates who support the new group's zeal for honest independence and its general policies will be nominated in scores of constituencies both in Ontario and on the prairies, and will accumulate for themselves enough of the anti-governmental vote to ensure election . . . This promising independent movement in politics will not be extinguished in accordance with the design of some of its professed friends, and it is difficult to imagine that its representation at Ottawa will not receive very substantial reinforcements both in debating power and general political ability. (From "On Parliament Hill" by A Political Correspondent).

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## O CANADA

A 67-year-old man who pleaded that he couldn't live on \$34.75 a month was advised to get a begging permit when he appeared in Police Court Monday on a panhandling charge.

(Vancouver Daily Province).

Donald Fleming, K.C., Progressive Conservative candidate . . . had to skip briefly through the Progressive Conservative party program in order not to be late at another meeting. (Toronto Telegram).

Baptists Oppose Delegate to Pope, Liquor, Gambling.

(Headline, Globe and Mail).

. . . a group of St. Paul [Minn.] officials visited Winnipeg a few days ago to help that city celebrate its seventy-fifth birthday . . . Mayor Delaney [of St. Paul] attended seven luncheons and dinners. Every dinner had its toasts. At his first such occasion, the mayor nonchalantly reached for a cigaret, at just about dessert time, but was brought up short by a whispered caution, "No one smokes until after the toast to the king." Mr. Delaney quickly put his cigarets back. In due time the toast was offered and then, because of the American guests, another was given. It was fumbled a bit, however, and came out as, "To His Majesty, the President of the United States." After which, everybody reached for cigarets. (St. Paul Pioneer Press).

George McCullagh . . . commenting on the present socialist government in England . . . said:

"There might be some excuse for Britain drifting into socialism after spending her material and human wealth on the defence of freedom," but if political leaders espouse this social doctrine of security to a young and rich country like ours, it is nothing short of wicked."

(Winnipeg Free Press).

"We have 327,000 potential leaders in Rotary to offset the damage caused by Hitler," declared Norman G. Foster, a past director of International Rotary, in delivering an address on "The Dignity of Rotary" at this morning's session at the Chateau Laurier of the Conference of the 170th district. Mr. Foster called on Rotarians to help make war impossible, pointing out that Rotary existed because of private enterprise. (Ottawa Evening Citizen).

Montreal's most expensive wedding ceremony, said to have cost \$100,000, took place when . . . daughter of the president of a leading Canadian distillery, was married to . . . of Paris and New York. Flowers, flown by chartered plane, included 15,000 Essex county lilies. (Ottawa Evening Citizen).

Detention and questioning of 11 amateur photographers on April 26 after a city constable's suspicions were aroused because one of them was reading the magazine *New Republic*, was described as "just a misunderstanding" yesterday by Assistant Director J. Alfred Belanger, of the Montreal Police Department.

(Montreal Gazette).

Mrs. Ryland H. New, immediate past national president of the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire . . . gave highlights of visits to the House of Commons where the members often sit with their feet on the desks, reading their home-town newspapers, and commented: "A few women elected to the House of Commons will make the men keep their feet on the floor and their minds on their work."

(Globe and Mail).

This month's prize of a six month's subscription goes to Eric Broderick, Vancouver, B.C. All contributions should contain original clipping, date and name of publication.

## SAMPLE COPIES

We will be glad to send sample copies of this issue to your friends. Subscribers are invited to send us five names and addresses.

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# Ignazio Silone

Robert L. Weaver

► IN A SENSE it seems curious that most of the significant political novels of the 'thirties were written by Europeans—Koestler, Malraux, and Silone—who were trapped in a disintegrating society. There were able writers outside Europe, who also inhabited this age of ideologies, and who might even have been expected to find a certain advantage in their relative detachment. Yet the fact remains that the political torment of prewar Europe did fashion these three writers, in sharp contrast to the nay-sayer in the United States and the yea-sayer in the U.S.S.R.

In a society at the mercy of a pervasive ideology, like the U.S.S.R., there are, paradoxically, no politics, and consequently no political novels. As for the United States, most of the political novels published there during the 'thirties now seem other-worldly. Even Dos Passos' *USA*, probably the best in this category, does not really get much closer to the grass roots than, say, the typical New Deal career liberal. Two simple men, Sacco and Vanzetti, were authentic, and it is significant that for more than a decade after their deaths they were re-discovered by a succession of writers. It almost seems as though, in every respect except his politics, the American political novelist of this period faithfully mirrored his society; so he must quickly have discovered just how remote from everyday life in the United States his political beliefs actually were. That discovery evidently rendered him impotent as far as any serious attempt to examine contemporary ideologies in terms of ordinary human beings was concerned.

In contrast Silone assumed from the beginning the universal significance of politics—even though his peasants are apparently as indifferent to political forms as men can be. He gambled on a potentiality, and the gamble paid off, though not in precisely the way that he had at first expected. For in Silone's novels the dedicated revolutionary, however strong his original commitment to abstract political theory may have been, soon grows aware of the impossibility of ignoring the paradoxes of the actual society within which he must pursue his course. Yet this discovery did not lead to the paralyzing dualism which infected similar American writers.

Koestler, Malraux, and Silone were all in the beginning Marxists who as novelists regarded the class struggle as a subject for creative work. But soon they began asking of socialism two fundamental questions: Why? and Where? Why do men become revolutionaries, oppositionists; and why does their opposition so frequently take on an absolutist character? Where will this tendency lead; can socialism govern in a manner that will be truly just and free and egalitarian?

These novelists have attempted to redefine revolutionary political theory in ethical terms. Thus they have returned to those origins of radical theory which are sometimes ignored by the contemporary leftist functionary. In spite of their intentions, however, I have reservations about the recent political careers of Koestler and Malraux. These reservations do not apply to Silone.

Silone's first novel, *Fontamara*, has already become something of a modern classic. It stands somewhat apart from his later work: here, no intellectuals ponder the nature of fascism and the growing absolutism of the revolutionary underground; the novel is simply an imaginative investigation of the effects of fascism on the people of one Italian village. *Fontamara* is a necessary prelude, for before theorizing about

politics we must have some understanding of their practical effects. Its unity and simplicity make it in a literary sense Silone's most successful novel.

In *Fontamara* the locale of all Silone's creative work is established. It is to be the Abruzzi, a peasant district in central Italy almost due east of Rome, an area of barren plains rising into foothills and mountains where the peasants have existed for generations barely above subsistence level. This is the district in which Silone was born; where he attended religious schools (he did not continue to university, since a chest weakness made it appear unlikely that he would live for long); where as a youth he was connected with a peasant organization.

In all his novels Silone underlines the profound difference between the cities and the peasant districts of Italy. The peasants phrase the distinction in simple terms: "We had long ago given up trying to understand. We were in another world, among townfolk." In the cities the struggles are more purely for political power, and the effects of political change on the mass of the citizens are almost immediate and subject to rapid fluctuation. But in the countryside authority is more nearly abstract; its decrees take effect more slowly but have gained with time a cumulative strength. Thus, in opposing an abstract authority that has always been and probably will always be, the opposition develops an ethical tinge. Economic change is important but more important is finding a good way as opposed to a bad one.

Moreover, the opposition of the peasants is opportunist, because the apparently unbroken continuity of authority makes all opposition appear in one sense purposeless: the tendency is to seek immediate and personal relief. These are the elements which must be taken into consideration by the underground opposition. Some means must be discovered of linking the age-old but essentially undirected ethical objections of the peasants with an organized political movement, if the opposition groups are to establish a mass organization in the countryside.

*Fontamara* has a simple, direct plot. Its construction is essentially naturalistic, although, as Silone points out in the preface, no attempt has been made to render exactly the dialect of the district. The story of this novel is merely another incident in an eternal record of poverty and struggle, of oppression and treachery. Not even the natural background or the daily lives of the people are inspiring: "The mountain-side is parched and bare . . . There are few birds . . . The peasants do not sing in chorus, or even alone. They do not sing when drunk, much less on their way to work. They do not sing, they swear . . ."

The story of *Fontamara* is told to the author by a group of peasants who have found their way to his place of exile. The villagers of Fontamara have always been oppressed, but in the past inefficiently, so there was a measure of relief. Now a Prince Torlonia, prince by virtue of a decree of the dictatorship, has established an efficient oppression. By trickery he deprives the village of its water supply. The peasants meet a member of the underground, who shows them how to set up a newspaper, called "What are we to do?" They are discovered, dispersed, or killed.

This is Silone's most effective attack on fascism, perhaps the best of all imaginative exposés of fascism. And it succeeds precisely because he deals with people who have really no way of escape: not physical escape, for, unlike the intellectual or the worker, the peasant can count on little international assistance, and in any case, he has strong roots in even this barren land; not mental escape, for he does not really understand; not suicidal escape, for existence in Fontamara has required of him an intense will to survive.

The two later novels form a pair, or rather a progression.

They are at least partly autobiographical; there is a marked similarity between Silone and his protagonist, Pietro Spina. In his youth Spina was a member of a peasant organization, he has lived in exile and suffers from a chest weakness, and he is, at the beginning of the second novel, *Bread and Wine*, a Marxist underground worker.

At the beginning of *Bread and Wine*, Spina has just returned from exile, to attempt to organize an underground peasant movement in the Abruzzi. Almost immediately, however, he realizes that the roots of the peasants' misery are sunk deeper than the immediate political situation. To continue his work, he is forced to disguise himself as a priest; then the duality of his own nature becomes apparent, the ethical teachings of his youth are revived, and the internal struggle is precipitated. He also begins to question his political activities: "But now he had been a Marxist for fifteen years, and it had become his profession. Alas for all professions that have for their ultimate aim the salvation of the world! For the sake of saving others you ended by losing yourself . . ." The dedicated revolutionary is faced with a situation that cannot be remedied merely by material change.

Throughout this novel and later in *The Seed Beneath the Snow*, Spina is forced, partly by long periods of enforced hiding and the consequent tendency to introspection, but chiefly by his renewed understanding of the peasants' existence, to reconsider his Marxist approach.\* To the conclusion of *Bread and Wine*, although he is growing increasingly doubtful, his approach remains that of the revolutionary. But in *The Seed Beneath the Snow*, as Isaac Rosenfeld has pointed out in a perceptive review in *The Nation* (June 22, 1946), "Silone's imagination draws more freely on Christian symbols . . . we encounter the hide-out in the manger, the donkey, the germination of the grain of wheat; Silone's peasant humor is blended with a Franciscan humility and love, and there occurs the ultimate Christian act of sacrifice in the form of Spina's surrender to the police, for the sake of the village idiot, who represents the mass of men." And this "act of sacrifice" is of course not the action of a revolutionary, whose duty would be to save himself. The transformation from Marxist functionary to humanitarian socialist has now been completed, except on the intellectual level: for a man of Silone's temperament there evidently remains the necessity of verbal statement and clarification.

Silone's abilities as a novelist should be discussed in detail, but here I have been more intent on the development of his ethical approach to politics. The novels are panoramic, in the sense that they constitute an examination of a whole segment of society. Silone has created an immense number of distinctive characters, many of whom are (in Sherwood Anderson's fond meaning of the word) "grotesques." He has a more flexible style than most social novelists and (which is also unusual) much humor.

In Silone's most recent book, *And He Did Hide Himself*, the ethical code which he had been attempting to define in the novels is finally stated in unequivocal terms: "The rediscovery of a Christian heritage in the revolution of our time remains the most important gain that has been made in these last years for the conscience of our generation." He continues (the quotations are from the preface): "It is a heritage weighed down with debts. A living, painful, almost absurd heritage. In the sacred history of man on earth, it is still, alas, Good Friday . . . The spirit of man

is still forced to save itself in hiding . . . The tasks of the economic and political order are by no means obscured . . . they are indeed the first and main tasks. But the men called on to carry them out must know that they have come from far and are going far."

*And He Did Hide Himself* is a dramatization of an important incident in *Bread and Wine*, but its mood is closer to that of the later novel, *The Seed Beneath the Snow*. It is an almost static mood which, besides making the novel the least interesting of the three, leaves the play with perhaps too little visual appeal for successful stage presentation (it might usefully be adapted for radio). *And He Did Hide Himself* is a modern allegory; there is practically no movement in it, and the active climax takes place off stage.

In *And He Did Hide Himself* Spina has been attempting, without success, once again to bring together those peasants who were members of the organization in which he worked as a youth. He meets a young peasant, Murica, who at one time attended university in Rome. In the city Murica was a member of an underground cell, which he finally betrayed to the police. He confesses the betrayal to Spina, prints an opposition paper, and is captured and murdered by the police. "Then they crowded round him, and put a chamber pot on his head for a crown, and in mockery they said to him: 'This is the reign of Truth.'" And then, "the armed men thrashed him and beat him with the butt-ends of their rifles and said to him: 'This is living Labor'."

So finally Murica is brought home to die. And by his death, he accomplishes the union among the peasants which Spina, the professional revolutionary, was unable to bring about. Murica's death becomes a kind of concrete expression of the peasant legend that Christ still suffers for them on earth. For "he too (was) one of those that have made for themselves a special law, a new notion of right and wrong."

This play brings Silone's philosophy full circle. In one of his novels Spina says (for Silone) that his commitment to leftist politics was in its origins a "moral" one. Now he has discovered "a Christian heritage in the revolution of our time." But this discovery has not driven him out of active politics: as far as I know, Silone is at present a leftist journalist in Rome and a member of the anti-Stalinist Saragat Socialists.

Apparently Silone is not popular in postwar Italy. According to Alfred Kazin (*Partisan Review*, May, 1948), he "is disliked because he personifies the one type the Italian cannot take—the moral dissenter." Kazin also suggests that Silone serves as an ever-present reminder to the many Italian writers who compromised with fascism. He is attacked on the grounds that his style is awkward and unpolished. Although I cannot read Italian, I suspect that this criticism is a trivial one; and in any case, we know perfectly well that many novelists—Dickens, Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Lawrence, Dreiser, and many others—are apt to have an uncertain style. Unfortunately, however, some foreign critics, especially in England, have made extravagant claims about Silone's abilities as a novelist, so the annoyance of Italian literary critics is perhaps understandable. But for all of this, their persistent attempts to destroy Silone's reputation abroad seem extremely ungenerous.

Silone's spiritual journey has been long and hard, and the uncertainties and confusion necessarily attendant upon this kind of journey have been laid bare with scrupulous honesty in all his books. He cannot be dismissed as a renegade leftist or a political opportunist, and, unlike many disillusioned Stalinists, he has not retained the Stalinist cast of mind. So his decision to join the Saragat Socialists is political evidence of the utmost significance to leftists everywhere.

\*See also Silone's *School for Dictators* and his long introductory essay in *The Living Thoughts of Mazzini* for additional evidence that his views on politics and economics were changing.

Silone's renewed interest in religion scarcely fits the pattern followed by so many intellectuals during these last years. He appears to be less interested in dogma than in accepting the life of Christ as a precept (surely something more protestant than catholic in temper). Unlike many modern Catholic writers (Bernanos, for example), Silone has no faith in the parish priest. From all officials of the Church the peasants have learned to expect only corruption and betrayal, and Spina appeals to them precisely because he does not act like a priest. In the article I have already mentioned, Alfred Kazin makes a significant and devastating comment about Silone's religious tendencies: "In Catholic Italy it is very queer to take Christianity that seriously."

## Portrait of Radio as a Young Medium

Norman Newton

► THERE HAS BEEN, up to now, a certain reluctance, even among radio critics, to admit the *complete* formal uniqueness of broadcast drama, its *entire* separateness from all other dramatic forms. This is inevitable, perhaps. It is comparable to the failure of the Elizabethan highbrows to see that the plays of their time were not to be appraised by standards formed from the classics or the failure of almost every English critic since the time of Dryden to understand that Racine is not necessarily duller than Shakespeare, only different. It is the old mistake of going to Africa in fur-lined boots and parka.

Radio drama requires more than a particular and individual formal arrangement: it requires also a particular and individual content. The motion picture is an accompanied solo, a form of graphic music accompanied by sound; the stage play is an unaccompanied duet, a combination of ballet and speech; but the radio play is entirely monodic. This is both a limitation and an advantage. It is a limitation because it makes a complete orchestration of characters, as in Shakespeare, completely impossible: it is an advantage because it makes a study of individual character easier than any other dramatic medium has ever done. To return to the musical analogy, it concentrates one's attention on the psychological processes of the individual just as Bach's solo violin concentrates one's attention on the melodic processes of the violin.

This accounts for the curiously static quality of the radio play: the difference, in the memory, between it and a movie or a stage play. The latter two, you feel, took place in time: they started, consumed so many hours and minutes, and were done. But the first seems to exist in the memory as an entity, a something that happened between two ticks of the clock. This is not inexplicable. In art, only inter- or parallel action leaves behind it a sense of time having passed. A single line of action, no matter how long it takes, is remembered as an entity. And, in a monodic art, inter- or parallel action is impossible.

Therefore, the radio play should concentrate on one character, and all the other characters should be seen as if through his eyes. For, when more than one character is to be developed, he must be developed separately; and the result is something like a full-length symphony with no harmony or counterpoint: a symphony with various instruments playing bits and pieces, one after the other, of a single musical line.

Perhaps this character will not be heard. Perhaps he will be the author. But he will remain the sole reality.

Here is an example. I don't think anybody will deny that the best radio play so far written in this country has been Lister Sinclair's *Encounter by Moonlight*; and the obvious fact is, that no matter what he intended, Sinclair has given us a play which takes place in his own mind. Kemp's *The Young Stewart* was much the same.

If it be granted that radio is a subjective medium, it naturally follows that it is also a poetic medium. For, in spite of the social reformers, poetry is still a subjective form of art, and can never be anything else. If it is a poetic medium, it even more naturally follows that it is not a prose one. It follows, in fact, that it is concerned less than anything with "real life": with verbatim transcriptions of trivial conversations, with the love affairs of the woman next door, or with, as in a play presented some time ago on "Stage 48," the continually frustrated efforts of newlyweds to catch a train. It is concerned with what takes place within the mind: with memories, wish-fulfillment fantasies, symbolic dreams, and sudden glimpses into other worlds. It is forced to this by its peculiarities, just as the peculiarities of the motion picture force it to a musical treatment of material fact, and just as those of the stage play compel it to confine itself to a presentation of reality in the disguise of actuality.

But words are not everything. The ideal radio play would require an equally distinctive and imaginative use of sound effects. Somehow, there is always something disappointing about naturalistic sound effects. The sound man may produce with his wooden blocks a very good imitation of feet walking, but it is hard to imagine the feet as belonging to anybody. They are accepted as a symbol, a sort of audible hieroglyph. Somebody says, "Who's knocking at the door?"; somebody else says, "I'll answer it,"; and the sound man bangs his wooden blocks. But he doesn't fool anybody. For in real life the sound is nothing in itself; it merely accompanies the action. This disembodied sound, if it be reproduced separately, can never suggest the action, but only stand for it. And the symbol of an action is not exciting as the action itself is. There is nothing dramatic about a hieroglyph.

If this hypothetical actor were merely going to the door to send a salesman away, this wouldn't matter; but what if he were going to meet his mistress, or his death? The man with the wooden blocks would bang no more dramatically. He couldn't very well: the expressive range of a wooden bang is limited. One would have to imagine the actor's fumbling haste, or his somnambulistic fear.

And yet, although the symbol of an action is not dramatic, for the simple reason that actions are themselves symbolic, the symbol of a state of mind *is*, because a state of mind can be comprehended only through symbols. If the sound man used his wooden blocks as an aural simile, let us say, of a man's conscience pursuing him, we would be moved no matter how monotonously he banged them down. For the drama would be essential: it would be in the idea, not the performance. And if you concede that the most expressive use of an artistic tool is its best use, it is then apparent that even sound effects are most effective when they are used as symbols of a state of mind.

Thus I have arrived at my previous conclusion: that radio drama is essentially a subjective art, a presentation of the inner life of a character, that it is, in fine, "expressionist."

Perhaps I had better illustrate by example. If I were asked to say which of the plays of Shakespeare were most adaptable to radio, I would say *Hamlet*, of the tragedies, and *As You Like It* of the comedies: the first because it is a play in which the characters are seen almost completely through Hamlet's eyes, the second because it is a wish-

fulfillment fantasy. And if I were asked to choose, from those plays of his that are worth consideration, which plays would be least worth consideration for broadcasting, I would name *Coriolanus* or *Julius Caesar*, of the tragedies, and of the comedies, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: the first two because they are as much a study of society as the individuals involved, the last because it is a comedy of external action and reaction. Similarly, if I were asked to read a novel over the air, I would read *Ulysses*, (if I could) or *Women in Love* in preference to *Point Counterpoint* or *The Sun Also Rises*.

The question is, how close have radio writers and producers come to understanding their medium? And the answer is, not very. When they have approached a grasp of radio form, it has seemed more an accidental intuition than anything else. I have already praised Sinclair's *Encounter by Moonlight*; but what about his latest play *The Night of Promises*? It is a very deplorable affair. True, the verse dialogue between the lovers, as they sail toward their honeymoon, is very good; but alas, as Malcolm Lowry might say, the rest of the play turns out to be impossibly theatrical, a mixture of the two most staid traditions of poetic and prose drama respectively, the Elizabethan and the French farcical. Now, aside from the fact that these two traditions are incompatible with one another, it should be quite obvious, from what I have already said, that neither the oratorical rigidity of the former, nor the rapid and contrived action of the latter, are at all suitable for so intimate a medium as the radio.

Yet Sinclair can be taken as a type of the best Canadian radio playwrights, who, although they succeed brilliantly when they have an idea completely suitable for broadcasting, seem to be too often visited with ideas that are not. This is not their fault. It is Canada's fault, for having provided no outlet for what are essentially cinematic or theatrical ideas.

This formal maladjustment is not limited to writers. Take J. Frank Willis, for example. There was no doubt anywhere after his production of *The Cricket on the Hearth* that he was a very good producer: but of what? Not radio plays. You wished he were a stage producer; and, apparently, so did he. You felt that he was constantly trying to overcome the limitations of his medium: that he was impatient with the unidimensional artificiality of the microphone. It will be remembered how "natural" the voices sounded, how clearly you got the sense of hearing people speaking naturally in a room. Perhaps he achieved this by spacing the actors variously about the microphone; I don't know: in any case, it was a clever bit of technique. Yet it was still a betrayal of the medium, as any attempt at theatrical reality must inevitably be. For the result was that one was forced to judge the production by theatrical standards. And, of course, by theatrical standards, owing to the limitations which would have been advantages if Willis had not tried to overcome them, the attempt was a failure. It is quite impossible to transmit through the microphone a feeling of complete tangibility, just as it is impossible to obtain from a stage play the sense of a totally disembodied, and therefore chemically pure, consciousness.

But Willis is not the only example I could give: nearly all the dramatic producers on the CBC payroll, including Andrew Allan, make various mistakes of this kind. Something will have to be done.

## The Mighty Eight

Ashoke Chatterjee

SHORT STORY

► "THE DREAM OF TWO HUNDRED generations of heavy-footed men has come to life, and you say I am a fool!"

"We do say so, dreams or no dreams."

"Well, facts then. Read the *Ramayana*. What does the Great Master Valmiki record in his immortal song? Flower-decked sky-chariots moving swiftly through the clear blue sky, drawn by a thousand golden swans, fleet of wing and tireless in energy. Over the dense beast-ridden swampy jungles, the dark shadowy valleys and the shimmering dove-blue peaks of the southern hills. Never of the billion tramps who love to make hoof marks on the fair surface of the earth."

"Oh well, take it easy. It is not quite like that. When it came to doing a job of real work, even the divine *Ramachandra* had to tramp through the entire plateau of *Dakshinaty* with grim determination in his heart, and recover, one by one, all the stray bits of ornament that the queen *Sita* had thrown out behind her as she was carried away by the ten-headed monster *Ravana* to faraway *Lanka* (Ceylon)."

"Yes, yes; but he had to do it like that. No one, not even the God *Vishnu* incarnate, can do detective work with any respectable speed. See, the moment *Rama* found where the stolen queen had been taken, his faithful followers went to it in proper style. The great *Hanumana* leaped across the sea, carried mount *Gandhamadana* from the Himalayas by air and the other heroes fought and deployed in the sky with the speed of lightning and to the entire satisfaction of all who have heard the *Ramayana* sung during the last four thousand odd years. No mention whatsoever of the pot-bellied little *Banias*, pressing heavily upon their lean mounts as they followed the foot tracks that we call roads. I am really sorry I cannot make you understand that the urge for speed is nothing foreign. It has its roots in the far forgotten dimness of prehistory and mythology. It was there when the divine *Ramachandra* ruled over our ancient land, and it is here now in me when I am trying to tell my superiors in wisdom that there is no spiritual fulfillment in rubbing one's feet endlessly in dust and mud. Nor is there any philosophy in crawling across a couple of miles of space in as many hours."

This has been going on for days. Ever since I went and bought that high-powered American Straight Eight, I had been arguing my case before a conclave of assorted and irate elders of the family. Justice and truth endure; and my power of endurance eventually reconciled them to this utterly senseless act of profligacy. "What a car! And what a price!" they all groaned. "One could buy fifty bullocks or twenty-five horses or two hundred sheep or sixteen hundred *mauna* of rice with all that money! A daughter could be married off, half-a-dozen court cases fought and so many funerals paid for. "Why, one could have a house built for all that money," my aunts wailed; my mother was no longer on this earth, and my wife kept on brushing away silent tears, for she had not yet attained the age or position in that gigantic joint family to make open pronouncements on matters of household economy. Mentally she made and remade long lists of *saris* and jewellery that she might have had, but for this crowning folly of a habitually foolish man. She was actually suspicious, jealous and contemptuous of that masterpiece of wonderful mechanical skill and accurate craftsmanship.

### NEWEST CRIMINAL OFFENCE DEPT.

Bucharest, June 22 (AP).—An official Bucharest court report disclosed today that Ion Bujoiu, former Romanian minister of Commerce under life sentence as a syp, has disappeared.

(Globe and Mail).



Later on, much later in fact, when I could coax her into the car for a spin along the tortuous track which wound its way through the endless ocean of billowy green paddy fields and joined up with the arterial road, she forgot her sorrows and smiled up at the reckless man who could risk his fortunes and life only for that smile. Bangles and bracelets did no doubt thrill one in a warmly satisfactory manner; but hardly provided that orgy of high-power shocks of elemental ecstasy which this roaring monster lavished upon its riders while eating up the road at fifty miles an hour. Up the gradients and down the depressions we went with the tall *sal* trees swiftly falling away on both sides in a never-ending stream, crimson flashes from an occasional clump of *palas* or gold mohur which vanished in a split second, wayside jackals hurriedly giving way to the lunatic thing which screamed along at such terrifying speed without chasing or being chased; until one of those ever-present strings of bullock carts, carrying grain, fire-wood or straw, obstructed the way. Sleeping drivers were jolted awake as the frenzied bullocks broke line and ran all over the road and also off it; yells, howls of discomfiture, thundering of wheels and hoofs rent the sky; but in a few minutes the road was cleared for our mad rush.

Coming back home along the winding village track was always a weary business. Unnecessary turns and twists, bumps and potholes marred the pleasures of finger tip steering and knee action springs. This is where pot-holes are pot-holes and bumps are bumps, and the Americans would have thought of tractors and not straight eights had they any idea of where their prize model was going. The tall tapering *morais*, in which they stored paddy, studded the courtyards of each cluster of huts which housed a family. With their conical thatch of straw they resembled giant beehives of a quaint design and were the only landmarks in the dimness of the Indian twilight. Dogs howled and babies cried as the strong headlights of the car lit up the inside of the dwellings on either side at each hairpin bend of the lane. Servants ran out with hand lanterns to meet the car when we approached our home and stopped dead in their track as the dazzling rays caught and blinded them. The older members of the female section of the clan were assembled on the portico to welcome our return from what to them were the very jaws of death. "Oh my darling!" cried my widowed aunt Bimala, "You must never again go out in that awful ungodly contraption! I have spent the whole afternoon making *manats* (conditional promises of offerings for the fulfillment of particular wishes and desires) to the gods for your safe return. Never again, never!"

"But my dear Aunt, the whole of Calcutta is full of these carriages and all respectable people have one or more of them. We must move with the times."

"Yes, yes, but not faster than time. Let Calcutta people be respectable in their own way and sacrifice life and limbs for fashion. You can go anywhere by bullock-cart or the horse-drawn *jaan*. Really respectable and honest folks don't have to go anywhere quite so fast. You are not fugitives from justice."

I thought it best to avoid the subject for the time being and said, "What have you for dinner?" which enquiry immediately had the desired effect and they all went scuttling back to the kitchen to arrange for the evening meal.

After dinner my uncle Umesh cleared his throat several times quite unnecessarily and then blurted out, "You must have been to a very far place to be away the whole afternoon. Is that wind-driven carriage quite safe?"

"It is not wind-driven, Uncle, it runs on mineral oil. And we did not go very far. This village path is so bad that one has to crawl along it. Why don't they build a proper road?"

"Eh, what's wrong with the village road? It has served our purpose since the days of our farthest ancestors. Your oil kettle is not fit for any road or highway; it should have a race-course for it. Roads are meant for going from place to place, not for letting off fireworks."

"But, Uncle, in Calcutta . . ."

"Oh, Calcutta is in Calcutta. We are not in Calcutta, thank God, and we do not imitate the ways of foreigners. We don't have to; for haven't we enough means to meet our requirements? In Calcutta, I hear, men and women dance together with their arms round each others' necks and waists. That doesn't oblige me to dance like that with your aunt, does it?"

At this stage the above-mentioned aunt stepped in with a sharp outburst of protest against such shocking ideas, even if expressed in levity. "Listen to the shameless man! Hasn't he any dignity left to chatter away like a monkey in front of all the youngsters!" My uncle lost his fluency of speech all of a sudden and stammered, "What I mean, I meant, that is to say, you know what these Calcutta people are . . ." "Yes, yes," said the aunt, "I know what you mean and where Calcutta is and hadn't you better be where you are and stop behaving like one addicted to *ganja* (*Cannatir Indica*)."

Nimai was accused by Haru Mandal of driving his cart into his vegetable garden, destroying a few score heads of cabbage and smashing a fence. Not only that but when Haru shouted at him for behaving in this atrocious manner, Nimai lost his temper and addressed Haru in extremely coarse language. The trial was taking place in our outer office room. Uncle Umesh, as head of the village landlord family, represented law and order. When he asked Nimai what he meant by this extraordinary behavior, he immediately burst into tears and blubbered, "What could I do? My bullocks went crazy when they heard the young master's wind chariot. I nearly fell off and died under the wheels of my own cart, (booh, hooh, hooh) and this fool called me all kinds of names!"

Needless to say Nimai was acquitted, Uncle Umesh compensated Haru and debited the costs to my account. The Straight Eight was not gaining in popularity. This was a clear and recorded case against it, but there had been a few odd payments made to local *Santals* for chicken and geese and at least one young goat which got into a panic at the mere sight of the car and ran under its wheels in its misdirected stampede. News does trickle in and such occasional bits as, "Chooto Dada paid eight annas today to Boora Majhi for a chicken," all totalled up against the Straight Eight. When my wife said to a friend of hers that I had gone for *shikar* (hunting) to a neighboring forest and she smilingly remarked, "Surely he does not have to hunt with a gun any more." I had to bear the brunt of all the wounded vanity that welled up in my wife's heart. Surely we were losing face; but so would the god *Indra* on his divine elephant *Airavat*, if he had to live in a two-by-four village in the wilds of Eastern India. I was determined to teach them more modern methods of locomotion even if it cost them all their chickens, geese and goats.

That year the monsoon broke rather early. Great cloud-bursts of torrential rain rapidly converted the paddy fields into an incredible morass of viscous mud with occasional pools of dirty brown water. Snakes driven from their hide-outs crawled on to the paddy bunds which were also the only paths from field to field. Frogs croaked in a never-ending monotone cutting into the strange harmony of the swish of wind-driven rain, the ripple of the myriad rivulets and the rumble and crash of thunder. Men and women worked in the fields in the knee-deep slush, assembled on the few

high patches under the friendly branches of the sacred *Aswathwa* for their midday meal and waded back home in the semi-darkness of the twilight accentuated by the black curtain of low-lying rain clouds.

My car was absolutely powerless against this conspiracy of the elements. I tried to take it out, but no sooner had I rolled out of our sticky courtyard than I hit what had been a bump but was now a vast lump of extremely adhesive and yielding clay. A fine tire trap in fact. It took four bullocks and a hawser to bring the car back to the garage; and it looked very un-American in its thick coat of mud. My uncle Umesh sniggered, and said, "Very much like a race horse, isn't it? Quite useless except for losing money on."

Then there came a break in the rains for several hours. I thought that I could perhaps make the highway and bribed half-a-dozen men to remove a few outstanding obstructions from the village path. The engine roared into life without much trouble and I rolled out majestically on that awful track leading out of the village. It was bad enough before but it now resembled something that had been horribly mauled by malignant demons. At a snail's pace I crawled over its dread surface. The men walked behind the car as a precautionary measure and the village smiled at this picture of discredited might. Nature ultimately gets the better of Man, they seemed to say. It took us nearly two hours to negotiate the first half of the route. Then there was a depression. As we approached this low lying tract, which was a shallow storm-water channel for the entire district, we found there was a wide patch over which water flowed steadily to a depth of six inches or more. I hesitated, but my followers yelled: "Go on, go on. If it stops, we will push it through." Being reassured in this unanimous fashion, I went forward into the rippling channel. The bed consisted primarily of loose pebbles and some sand, and we had no difficulty, at first, in moving along it. Half-way through, however, there was a sudden and ominous feeling of resistance and suction and with a slight rocking motion the car slowly settled down up to its axles into a hollow in the bed which was full of soft yielding sand. It all happened quite unexpectedly and according to a seemingly inevitable plan, and I could do nothing whatsoever to keep out of it. The water level rose to within an inch of the floor board and I did the only sensible thing in the circumstances. I hurriedly switched off the engine and scrambled out into the slushy sand. The men rushed up and we pushed with all our might to get the car out of this trough. But we could not even move an inch.

After wasting our energy quite fruitlessly for about an hour, we sent for assistance to the village. The sky unfortunately began to darken again and distant flashes of lightning warned us of a fresh downpour. By the time more men and traction animals arrived on the spot, the water-level had risen more than that spare inch and the beautiful fittings and upholstery were beginning to soak in the dirty current. We heaved and hauled, but the great big saloon was firmly held and would not budge. A man was again sent back to get more help.

A steady drizzle had set in by now and it was quite evident that if the car were to remain longer in that position the water would soon completely fill its interior. Visibility was getting dim and shadowy as more clouds rolled up from beyond the tableland of Chota Nagpur. The close-packed saplings in the nearby *sal* forest began to whistle as the wind rose. The village disappeared in the dense vapory half light. There lay the superb American Straight Eight, motionless and with its nose down in a ditch full of frothy rain water. I stood silently in the rain, surrounded by the

elements in all their wanton disregard for man and his moods, conventions or machinery.

When Uncle Umesh arrived on his favorite tusker *Raja* after an hour or so, I gasped at the picture he made. He was dressed in amber oilskin and gum boots and a sola topi covered with a dazzling pink rainproof silk. He laughed aloud and shouted, "And why not? You don't think you hold a monopoly in fashion. I got these from the Army and Navy Stores in Calcutta." Then he asked Mahout to put *Raja* to the job in hand. That great beast, at a signal, put his massive head down, slowly contacted the back of the Straight Eight, and walked ahead. And lo and behold! With a dent in its invincible steel structure, where the elephant had rested its head, and a half ton of mud and sand distributed evenly all over its beautiful body, the wonder-car of America heaved and squelched out of its sand-bed. A little more pushing and it stood out on the other side of the depression in the road. Uncle Umesh called out to the men: "Get it hauled to Ranipur station; it is going to Calcutta for repairs." *Raja* lowered his powerful trunk to me and I rode back home with Uncle Umesh.

## "Death of a Salesman"

Albert A. Shea

►INSIGHT INTO the main undercurrents of human society reveals itself sometimes to an economic historian, sometimes to a student of the human mind, to a philosopher at his spinning wheel, to a poet. It is the biting truth of Arthur Miller's insight into the rotten moral base of our selling society that gives the play *Death of a Salesman*\* its power.

Here is drama as great as any Broadway has offered during the ten years I have known Broadway. It is more than that. It is a probing social study, and a moral plea stronger than is heard from any pulpit in the land.

In the theatre the power of Miller's message is magnified by imaginative setting created by Joe Mielziner, the production wizardry of Elia Kazan, and a cast led by Lee Cobb who become the living people conceived in the playwright's mind. Here is greatness in dramatic art, and a grappling with the realities of our society that transcends the tragedy of a salesman who sought escape and realization in self-destruction.

Offended salesmen have complained that Arthur Miller is maligning their distinguished calling. This play is much more than the personal tragedy of a single salesman. It is the tragedy of an era in which individuals writhe unhappily in the toils of false values which they hate and worship in the same breath.

Lee Cobb, playing the role of Willy Loman, is not just a salesman who failed and committed suicide. He is a prototype. *Death of a Salesman* is not an attack on salesmen; the salesman serves as the epitome of a way of life in which we are all involved. There is no need to pause and justify the honest and successful salesman. What Miller is attacking is a false set of values that permeates this continent in our time. It is the "salesman" or "marketing" set of values that can best be illustrated by some familiar and threadbare phrases. This is the approach to life that tells us, "it's not what you know, but who you know." What a man needs to "get ahead" is "push and pull." Have a good appearance, smile broadly to all the world, tell a good story: "personality

\*DEATH OF A SALESMAN: Arthur Miller; Macmillan; (Viking Press); \$3.25.

always wins the day." In the phrase, often repeated in the play, the important thing in life is to be "well liked."

As a man who seeks success by "selling himself in the personality market," the marketing type is highly vulnerable. "Not his labor, but he himself is a commodity, subject to the whims of the market, to the daily Hooper-rating of his employers, competitors and 'friends.'" Surely this is Arthur Miller's unhappy object-lesson, Willy Loman. Willy would deny it, but there he is.

The playwright has at least two advantages over the social scientist in portraying the character of the man of our time. First, he draws his description in the full color and depth of real life. The people who walk the stage, talk and shout and weep, are recognizable. A thousand facets of Willy Loman's way of thinking and living shout out to us, "True, true!" It is the artist's caricature of a man, but he is a man we all know; a man in whom we discover—to our horror—something of ourselves.

The dramatist does not worship at the altar of objectivity. He is a man with a heart and a viewpoint. He need not deny himself the luxury of a moral judgment. Arthur Miller has no mercy for the crumbling base upon which Willy Loman's life uneasily rested. In the efforts of Biff, the elder son, to earn an honest living as a farm hand; in Willy's own love of carpentering and tinkering as a hobby, there is the hint of an alternative to earning a living by being "well liked."

Arthur Miller casts a score of darts—at advertising, credit selling, the family automobile; at the petty larceny and the subversive attitude toward sex characteristic of our time. But his main attack is against the view that a man is a fool if he does not get something—as much as possible—for nothing more than a smile, being a good fellow and having good connections.

In the very act of striking a blow at the immorality of our commercial civilization, and the salesman mentality it has engendered, Arthur Miller has raised a shout for the individual and his right to his own soul.

## The Players' Guild of Hamilton

*Helen M. Fleming*

► WHEN THE PLAYERS' GUILD of Hamilton, with its three act play, *John Loves Mary* won the final competition for the Bessborough Trophy at the Dominion Drama Festival in Toronto this year, they won the highest honor that can be paid to a Little Theatre group in the Dominion. There were no restrictions on competition by professional actors and the groups invited to the final festival were selected on merit of performance across the country without regard to regional divisions. The Regional adjudicator, Mr. Robert Speight, saw performances by sixty-five groups in the regional festivals and from these he chose the twelve best. These twelve best presentations, coming from as far away as British Columbia and New Brunswick, competed in Toronto at the Royal Alexandra during the week of April 25, and were adjudicated by Mr. Philip Hope-Wallace of London, England, a prominent professional dramatic critic.

For a completely amateur company to win the Bessborough Trophy requires a prodigious amount of talent, energy and enthusiasm, because a capable director must be found who is willing to spend all his leisure time in instructing comparatively inexperienced actors; actors must

be chosen at a "play reading" and immediately put into six weeks of concentrated rehearsal, where the most careful attention is given to every detail in order to achieve a professional polish; a set must be designed and constructed; furniture must be re-upholstered and painted for the set and costumes must be designed and made. All this work is done by the members after their day's work is done. Behind such an effort there must be a strong, well-managed organization. The Garrick Club, founded in Hamilton by John Crerar, K.C. in 1874, was the first known dramatic club in America. The War of 1914-18 forced temporary termination of the group but in 1929 Miss Caroline Crerar re-organized the city's little theatre work and initiated The Players' Guild of Hamilton, in which group the Garrick Club was incorporated. Through her efforts The Players' Guild became a Charter Member of the Western Ontario Drama League in 1932. The club has developed and grown in numbers through numerous vicissitudes until now it has one hundred and seventy active members and over a thousand season ticket holders. The guild now presents four major productions a season, one of which is chosen to represent the Guild at the Regional Festival. The cost of production is kept down by the fact that sets, costumes and frequently furniture are made in the workshop by the active members. In addition to the "major productions" the Guild presents three "workshop productions" each month, which active members may see free of charge. These are usually one act plays or excerpts from longer plays, although they may be reviews or skits written by members. In January of each year, in conjunction with the Teachers' Association, the Guild presents the Children's Play, usually a fairy tale dramatized by a Guild member.

It may be imagined, then, that the Workshop, a thirteen-room house on Bay Street, is a busy centre. The house was rented last summer, and members of the organization papered, painted and cleaned it in their free time. The furniture has been donated by members or bought at second-hand stores. The only means of support is by ticket sale and membership dues. It is in the Workshop that one is made aware of the therapeutic as well as the cultural value of the little theatre movement, because the Workshop is really a community centre. A large number of the members are young people, although every age group is represented. The majority of the members are office workers, clerks and factory workers, who find little expression for their artistic and creative ability during the day, and for them the Guild fills a real need.

The primary purpose of the Players' Guild and its real aim, however, is neither social nor therapeutic, but artistic. At the present time the situation in Hamilton is much the same as everywhere in the Dominion. The people of Canada, and especially those from the British Isles, have a heritage which includes a deep love of play acting and play going. Yet there are people here who have never seen a professionally produced play owing to the inroads the cinema has made on our cultural life. There is little use in bringing professional companies to the city until an audience can be found ready to appreciate it and until there is a theatre where they can act. The theatres here that are suitable for the purpose are now moving picture houses.

The Guild, then, has two goals. The first is to develop an indigenous theatre through the Little Theatre movement and thus bring the theatre back into the lives of the people; the second is to get a home for this theatre. It hopes to help achieve the first goal through its four major productions. Care must be taken in choosing these plays. They must not be "over the heads" of a cinema educated audience who are not accustomed to having to think when they watch



acting. At the same time there is little to be gained by presenting plays that are at no more than cinema level. Taste for the theatre and for good plays must be developed gradually. When this taste has been developed the way will be clear for the ultimate goal—a civic theatre. Such a place will be a community entertainment and cultural centre, owned, operated, enjoyed and accepted by Hamiltonians just as much as an Art Gallery or a Public Library. This theatre would offer avocations and creative outlets to all in the city who need them and professional companies from outside the city would have a place here to present their plays. A civic theatre is too big an undertaking for one group to attempt, but when the citizens are made conscious of the need through a growing interest in the art, the financial and moral support necessary for such a project will follow. When this same end is achieved throughout the country we will have a national theatre which will have its roots in the soil and in the hearts of the people. A theatre so nourished cannot help but grow until it is an integral part of our national life.

## Film Review

### Maxwell Charles Cohen

► ALTHOUGH THE ANIMATED CARTOON is generally considered to be beneath the notice of the reviewer, I saw something the other night that I can't just resist telling you about. Said something was a delightful little piece entitled *Joe, King of the World's Workers*.

Joe, it is necessary for you to know, is the typical American working man. That is to say, he owns a nice home, car, radio, stove, refrigerator and bank account. Working men in other and much more backward countries, the film shows us, are not nearly so well off as Joe is. Joe, for example, works about one-tenth as hard as the average Chinese coolie and collects ten times as much rice for his efforts. He can buy more goods and have much more fun, Joe can, and if he wants to beef, even that is not denied him.

There is a smash finish, in which Joe is shown seated on a high throne, crown and all, while on either side of him (and below him, we might add) are posed capital and management, his loyal slaves. As sweet a family portrait as one could hope to see! While the curtain falls, that deep, rich, hearty voice that only yesterday was inviting you to have your halitosis attended to, intones, "Yes, truly Joe is the king of the world's workers."

Now this may be so. It may be that there are no unemployed and no slums in the United States. Possibly no one has gone hungry in America since the last Republican administration. Undoubtedly, Americans are better off than people in many, or even most, countries. But if everything is going so well, and everyone is so happy, is there any necessity for propaganda of this sort? And even granting the necessity, must the presentation be so objectionably suggestive of—to use a euphemism—American baloney? While I do my very utmost to love and respect our undeniably great neighbor, things like this make it more difficult.

*Alias Nick Beal* is the latest—I wish I might hopefully say the last—of those films which crop up now and again, dealing with man's struggle against the devil for the possession of his immortal soul. Things of the soul are evidently not Hollywood's strength. Ray Milland as Nick Beal (an extremely well-dressed devil, I might add) has been commissioned with the task of corrupting fearless, incorruptible Thomas Mitchell, a state prosecuting attorney. To accomplish this task he enlists the aid of already corrupted Evelyn

Keyes, and together they begin an attack at the source of the prosecutor's one weakness, his pride. That they do not succeed is a tribute to the watchfulness of the prosecutor's deplorably understanding wife, the power of religion, and a statute in the film censor's code which simply will not allow evil to triumph over good. (The most cursory glance about will testify that this state of affairs does not quite jibe with actuality, but at the same time it is reassuring to know that there is yet a place where a man is safe from Satan.)

Unlike a more successful predecessor in the genre, *The Devil and Daniel Webster*, the plot limps gloomily and unblushingly from cliché to cliché, culminating with Nick Beal being foiled in his vile endeavors by, you guessed it, a Holy Bible. Handled as comedy pure and simple, this picture might have been moderately entertaining. As an attempt to portray in all seriousness, an individual's struggle against the temptations of evil, it was comedy pure and simple.

The plastic surgeons have done for Danny Kaye. We can remember Danny as a young man, with a rather large nose and no other object in life than to make himself irresistibly humorous. Now that his nose has been trimmed to more acceptable proportions, he has evidently acquired other responsibilities. In his first, and in our opinion, most successful film, *Up in Arms*, the love interest was given to another actor, and Danny was left free to perform the innumerable comic routines which are his chief stock-in-trade.

It seems that since then, he has become the stuff of which Sex Appeal is made. Now Danny supplies his own love interest and the comedy has been subdued in accordance with his new status. *A Song is Born* illustrates this tragically. Danny Kaye, the great comic, has in this picture degenerated to the role of straight-man for a hodge-podge of name musicians and lesser comedians. It's enough to make one cry! The picture is more or less a vanity-show, and has the usual silly plot. Virginia Mayo helps you keep your eyes open, which is no mean task, I can assure you.

## Recordings

### Milton Wilson

► EXCEPT FOR THE POPULAR *Symphony No. 5* (New World), Dvorak's symphonies are rarely performed today. Columbia, however, has released two earlier ones within the last year: the *Symphony No. 1* some months ago, and now the better known *Symphony No. 4*, played by Bruno Walter and the New York Philharmonic. Among Dvorak's symphonies the Second and Fifth are first-rate works, superior or equal to any symphonies of the same period, with only two or three probable exceptions. The *Fourth Symphony*, although inferior to these, and perhaps to the First as well, includes a lovely, though rather static slow movement, a delightful dance movement, and scattered attractions in the other two movements. Tovey has pointed out that in this symphony Dvorak is like a man who once was naive, pretending that he still is. In order to live up to his reputation for naivety, Dvorak, in his later works, assumes consciously a role that he once played spontaneously. He imitates himself. This may account for a certain lack of vitality in some parts of the work. Bruno Walter performs it with lots of body and finish, and the recording is superb.

Independent sets of orchestral variations are rarely successful. Apart from Brahms's masterpiece, the only two such works in the standard repertoire that I can recall are for piano as well as orchestra: the Franck *Variations Symphoniques* and the Rachmaninoff *Paganini Variations*. The occasionally heard works of Reger, D'Indy or Britten hardly



compete with these. The Dohnanyi *Variations on a Nursery Theme*, recently released by Columbia, is of the piano-and-orchestra type and has never established itself as a favorite, although I believe it is more often performed in England than here. The composer, after an ominous introduction, blandly leads "Twinkle, twinkle, little star" through a series of gay and rather folkish variations, followed by a more sombre passacaglia and a concluding fugato. Dohnanyi's music, the little I have heard of it, has never appealed to me much; his nationalism and romantic intensity are respectable, but relatively academic and second-hand. In this light-weight work, however, his invention is charming and effective. Cyril Smith plays the piano in this Columbia recording and Sir Malcolm Sargent conducts the Liverpool Philharmonic. The performance is satisfactory, but the recording only fair, particularly if compared with the Dvorak set which I mentioned earlier.

## CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor: It was a distinct disappointment to find the article "Red Cross vs. Community Chest" in your June issue so full of inaccuracies, both from the viewpoint of a friendly reader of the *Forum* and of a working member of the Canadian Red Cross Society.

The Canadian Red Cross Society is not merely a local or national organization. It is a member of the League of Red Cross Societies of the world and has international obligations and duties that prevent it from sinking its identity and its free power to act in local Community Chests. It has to be free to fulfill its national and international responsibilities without the over-riding authority of a local Community Chest board. You cannot have it both ways—you cannot have Red Cross acting as a neutral and recognized agency of mercy for belligerent nations in war-time and then, in peacetime, have it lose its position by amalgamation with various other local or strictly national organizations.

Your writer is on particularly shaky ground in her attack on the free National Blood Transfusion Service. In point of fact, the free National Blood Transfusion Service has been functioning successfully for more than two years in British Columbia, for two years in Alberta and for the past six months in the Maritimes with the fullest co-operation from doctors and hospital associations. The western half of Quebec, including Montreal, is also being served by Red Cross and agreements have been signed by several Ontario hospitals, including those in Hamilton. Red Cross, under its agreement, not only supplies the hospitals with the free blood and blood products but provides the equipment and personnel to collect, test, type and deliver the blood. Blood will be donated through Red Cross as a free gift from the peoples of every community.

Miss Josie suggests that there "appears to be no machinery which allows rank and file members to reject policies laid down by the leaders." Miss Josie "appears" to have not the slightest knowledge of the charter, by-laws and democratic functioning of the incorporated Society. Ten or more members of Red Cross—and anyone may become a member on subscribing \$1.00 a year—living in a locality or municipality may form a branch. Branch officers are elected and with three or more other elected members form the executive of the branch. In each province is a Red Cross Division and Divisional officers are elected by the representatives of all branches to the Divisional Council, which is composed of branch representatives elected on the basis of one representative for each 100 branch members.

Members of Central Council, the governing body of the Society, are in turn elected by the Divisional Council, each

Division electing three members. It is these members—elected from their own Division by representatives of the branches—who meet twice a year to decide the policy of Red Cross. There are at present 140 active senior branches in Canada with nearly one million members. If a rank and file member objects to a policy established by Central Council they have the same prerogative of changing this policy as voters have of changing a government.

Finally, I do not see the point of drawing examples from the American Red Cross, which Miss Josie does for almost half of her article, when the Canadian Red Cross has been functioning separately in Canada for more than fifty years.

Margaret Newcombe, Toronto, Ont.

[*Svanhvit Josie* writes: Your correspondent's reference to many inaccuracies is not supported by examples. She concerns herself with refuting not the facts presented but the interpretations which she herself provides.

The value of the good works of the Red Cross including the blood donor service was, of course, not questioned. My article was simply a discussion of the relationship of the Red Cross with local communities. The organization of the society as set out in the theoretical framework outlined by your correspondent may be considered against the opinions already referred to which are based on experience. The lack of co-operation with other agencies is excused by repeating the statement about national and international responsibilities. These commitments are not new, and do not explain why local chapters were ordered to withdraw from long established Community Chest participation. Other organizations with national and international activities such as the Y.M.C.A. find it possible to co-operate in local fund drives.

The suggestion that membership in a Community Chest involves "amalgamation" and loss of "free power to act" is not in accordance with the facts of the mode of operation of the Chests which are voluntary and co-operative.]

The Editor: Tut, tut—typographical omission of a minus sign has drawn the snap and tingle from my article on page 36 of the May issue. I attach my authority [clipping from *The Beaver*, March, 1947] for saying that the temperature in this part of the world averaged -25°F during January: this was supplemented by pained observation locally.

John Nicol, Southampton Island, N.W.T.

### CORRECTION

The opening sentence of "Turning New Leaves" by D. M. LeBourdais in our last issue reads: "During the past two weeks I have been writing mainly about Canada." It should have read: "During the past two years I have been writing mainly about Canada."

## LECTURER IN DRAMA

The University of Alberta invites applications for the position of extension lecturer in Drama, duties to commence September 1, 1949. Salary: \$2400 to \$3100, according to qualifications and experience. For further particulars, apply to John Macdonald, Dean, Faculty of Arts and Science, University of Alberta, Edmonton, Canada.

## Letter from Asia

Thoughts, eyes, lips are oceaened home,  
 A-ia-ed, where no strangers live before  
 The plentitudinous, withered multitude wandering  
 And rivering southward, downward, around, processioned  
 In sickness. Was this the moontime for maidens?  
 Moons are lunatic, given to chilly fevers and unreasonable-  
 ness,  
 Wishing liberties for youth.  
 There are no strangers, in hiding and in darkness;  
 Unimpassioned etiquettes teach them to hold hands.  
 Travail will make you a home, but the poor man's cricket  
 cannot  
 Imagine singing, nor the kite-wind soar, nor summer provide  
 Death for dragon-flies.

The upward plucking "pluck" of the hawk  
 Beats time in historical stratospheres . . . over, over. The  
 tattered  
 Ear-ringed children chanting rote, sing requiem  
 In this the twelfth year . . .  
 After the homelessness that never strayed,  
 In memory's largess where was thin fear? Bound, bastioned,  
 Aimed and true, roof-gone, we had been homed in new  
 desires . . .  
 Now am I enemied, murdered with the unmurdered orphan;  
 Anciently, in terraced fields the paddies grew  
 Between the rains and the rained-on famines.  
 Drought germinated coughingly in black grasses  
 Miraculous children wooing war.  
 Now am I exiled, though housed, and young  
 In the new conduct, being unlearned, in this peace  
 Like dust descending, the windows airless,  
 The "classical moral intention" drowned.

*Diana Chang.*

## Autumn Walk

Two old ladies, withered,  
 In their straight, black coats,  
 Take petipoint footsteps  
 Among the fallen leaves.

Two pairs of empty eyes,  
 Out of focus with the present,  
 Pick out the cautious path  
 They timidly follow.

Two pairs of fragile feet  
 Halt now, unsteadily,  
 As younger footsteps go  
 Tick-tackering surely past.

A waxy, brown-veined hand  
 Rests on a thin black arm,  
 Together, their progress  
 Is braver and stronger.

With tortoise slow precision  
 They thread their gentle way  
 Down to the street's end  
 Among the dying leaves.

*Philip Stratford.*

## Childlight Town

My eye goes out clear as a peery  
 Clickets a little getting started  
 —Like stepping over a star—  
 And then falls down to Childlight Town.

I get back beside the bleeding heart bush  
 By the whiteporched house where it all started:

My Grandma laid her square Scotch frame  
 Resolutely down among the tall-cut dandelions.  
 The half-hour we watched the Owen Sound road  
 No one saw us that went by.

We looked up at those fat green stars that  
 Are maple leaves and make a Princess  
 Out of just a plain tree. The air  
 Was as blue as a blue glass cup and as clear.

One day, she said, I will not make a hot dinner  
 We'll have bread with brown sugar on  
 Out under the Duchess trees . . .  
 I wonder what they would say to that.

If you are a good girl I will give you  
 That little brass donkey bank,  
 But if you carry on the way you have been lately  
 When I ask you to pump a little water why . . .

She would give it to one of the boys  
 She would also give a piece of her mind  
 To Mr. Cherry one of these days who let  
 His heifer stomp on her geraniums.

I reflected how my cousins  
 Were all common as English daisies  
 And that I should look down on them one day,  
 Safe in the arms of Timothy Eaton.

They had no friend as I had Constance,  
 Pale as her own canary bird  
 Because she was dying of a consumption  
 And was twenty-seven years old.

Nor had they ever been born out of the empty air  
 As I had onto my own arm,  
 One of those celluloid windmills held out of a  
 Car window and all whirled up.

On hearing the first car turn in my Grandma  
 Smiling like a Lady Sun  
 Got up and ran to put the potatoes on.  
 I streaked for the barn to get to the playhouse first.

They were all piling out, the daisies,  
 Yelling that I would not go to heaven,  
 And that they were coming to bust my dishes up  
 Though my aunts said to stop that sort of thing.

And really I wanted them to come that day in their stupidity  
 and beauty  
 And break all of my dishes into pretty little-sized pieces of  
 glass I could live by.

*Colleen Thibadeau.*

## BOOKS REVIEWED

**RUSSIA'S RACE FOR ASIA:** George Creel; McClelland (Bobbs-Merrill); pp. 364; \$3.50.

Mr. Creel's announced purposes in writing this book are to prove the unbroken control of Moscow over the Chinese Communist party, to establish the responsibility of the Roosevelt and Truman administrations for the present Chinese crisis, and to awaken the realization that "if National resistance collapses in China, it is a whole continent that will be communized, opening the way for Russia's mastery over more than half the world's population." To this end he sketches the evolution of Chinese Communism, analyses American policy toward China during the past decade, and offers a brief and highly selective apologia for Chiang Kai-shek and the Kuomintang.

As an attempt to reverse the trend in the Far East for the benefit of the Chinese Nationalist government, the book has been outdated by events. As a guide to the formulation of policy in the face of the new situation created by Communist victories, it is vitiated by its distortions and partisanship. It is not hard to prove that Chinese Communists look to Moscow as the centre of the faith and the authoritative source of Marxist dogma. It can be taken for granted that they will follow the Cominform line so long as it does not conflict seriously with their own practical necessities. But while their contact with Moscow is evident, it does not follow that Russia exercised active control and direction at any time after 1927. In fact, a careful reading of Mr. Creel's account indicates quite clearly that during most of this period the Chinese Communists were left almost completely to their own resources, and that even since the end of the war their connection with Moscow has been far from clear. As for the task of proving that the Kuomintang could regenerate China, even with the fullest support that was within the resources of the United States, that is beyond Mr. Creel's powers. It would be folly to ignore the fact that the success of Communism is bound to have drastic effects on the relations between East and West. But if a realistic policy is to be adopted to meet the new situation, it must start from some sounder basis than an attempt to rescue the Kuomintang from the consequences of that combination of corruption and inefficiency which made it completely incapable of solving China's problems. *E.M.*

**THE WORLD'S BEST HOPE:** Francis Biddle; Gage (University of Chicago Press); pp. xiv, 175; \$4.00.

This short book may be enthusiastically recommended to any weary Canadian citizen who needs something to refresh and invigorate him after the bombardment of political rhetoric with which he was pounded during the early summer. Mr. Biddle is not quite a politician, but he was Attorney-General in the Roosevelt cabinet during the war; and there is a startling contrast between his approach to the problems of American democracy and the abundant promises of a cheap millennium from which we are now recovering in Canada. The course of lectures which he gave at the University of Chicago last year has nothing particularly new in it, but it has a delightfully cool astrigent taste to it.

The phrase, "The world's best hope" comes from Jefferson's first Inaugural in 1801. "I know that some honest men fear that a republican government can not be strong. But would the honest patriot, in the full tide of successful experiment, abandon a Government which has so far kept us free and firm, on the theoretic and visionary fear that this government, the world's best hope, may by possibility want energy to preserve itself?" Mr. Biddle's book provides

a penetrating discussion of the question whether the present American government and people are likely to live up to their opportunities and responsibilities in our generation.

It is refreshing to read a politician who has evidently read and pondered the great classics of American and European political thought, and who is familiar with recent historical and biographical writing in his own country. It is even more refreshing to meet a politician who is not afraid to speak out about the weaknesses of his own people. He is almost scathing about American failures in foreign policy since 1917. We had lived in a state of adolescence in which the possibility of power did not seem to involve responsibility. The American passion for moral decisions spread on legal paper lulled vague worries about the future into an optimistic feeling of accomplishment. He is equally frank about the way in which the American love of equality (which he shares) tends to produce a deadening uniformity. "By whatever causes this optimistic yet inert public mind has been created, whether from the quality of our institutions or from the mechanization of our lives, skeptical of its government yet distrustful of individual and original thinking, deeply conservative, vaguely religious yet unreverential, it exists as an immensely conservative and timid force in our lives."

He tells his fellow Americans that laissez-faire should not be classed among the basic freedoms of Western civilization, and that those people who talk so much about "the American way of life" are apt to be thinking more of their own material prosperity than of any broader enjoyment of individual liberties. He is gently sarcastic about their ritualistic worship of private enterprise which they combine so easily with an opportunistic acceptance of state intervention whenever it suits their convenience. He warns them that the alternative to communism in Europe is not capitalism but some form of socialism. Nevertheless he is still an optimist about his people. But they need leadership. "Finally we must never forget that public opinion should be led as well as followed. If one test of our democracy is the ability to use experts, another is to fulfill our instinctive need for greatness by choosing men to guide the direction of our destiny who can stir the timid and sluggish caution of the multitude with the vision of great horizons." Reading Mr. Biddle at this moment makes one wonder uneasily just what we Canadians were doing on June 27 last to fulfill our instinctive need for greatness. *F.H.U.*

**UNION GUY:** Clayton W. Fountain; Macmillan (Viking); pp. 242; \$3.50.

In Horatio Alger's day it was from rags to riches. Now it's from rank-and-file to porkchopper. An autobiography written at the age of forty. There's glory for you!

Clayton Fountain is a staff member of the United Automobile Workers (UAW-CIO). *Union Guy* is his story and the story of his union. The first few chapters describe his personal background and will be only too familiar to those who went through the depression years in their youth. The major part of the book deals with Fountain's role in the UAW, both as a local union member and officer, and later as a union official doing publicity and editorial work. Up to the point that Fountain becomes a full-time officer, the account is largely personal. He describes his early activities in helping to organize his local, the anti-union terror that employers in the automobile industry indulged in, his own discharge for union activity, and the successful strikes which established the UAW. Fountain was for a time sucked into communist activities but soon became disillusioned with the monolithic centralism and foreign control of the party. His description of communist party manoeuvres and strategy

is nothing new to the initiated but may do some good to the ardent revolutionaries in the petty bourgeoisie.

From the moment that Fountain starts to work for the union, he disappears from the book as a personality. The rest of *Union Guy* is not about a union guy at all but about the union itself. The reason is quite obvious. Fountain cannot separate himself from his organization; he has completely identified himself with it. Anything that happens to UAW-CIO happens to Clayton Fountain as well. There can be no dichotomy. The chapters about the UAW are a rather amazingly candid description of union "politicking." The factionalism, intra-union rivalries, and the battles for position are described with a sort of gusto which indicates that this sort of thing is taken completely for granted, as indeed it is in UAW. This, too, may come as somewhat of a shock to those who regard the labor movement as the *avant garde* of the proletariat. The emergence of Walter Reuther as UAW president is an important part of the book. Fountain is obviously pro-Reuther and makes no bones about it.

*Union Guy* may not become one of the classics of the labor movement, nor will it satisfy the serious student who wants careful documentation and painstaking attention to detail. In any case, some of the events dealt with are still too close for a proper perspective. But the book is marked by genuine devotion and wholesome idealism. It should prove interesting to the general reader (including the union guy) who likes his reading about organized labor in small doses. A.A.

**A SHORT STORY OF THE MIDDLE EAST:** George E. Kirk; Public Affairs Press, Washington; 1949; pp. 301; \$5.00.

The conglomeration of piddling little states known collectively as the Middle East is now a local point of world attention. It is a centre of irritation with a maddening tendency to erupt into war. Why it is such a sore spot Mr. Kirk explains in this very useful and important volume.

Mr. Kirk's book presents a vast accumulation of facts. So much so that it is at first difficult to see the forest for the trees. Dynasties, kingdoms and empires rise, decay and disappear in swift succession and with them entire civilizations. Mohammedanism emerges, undergoes transformations, breaks up into sects, becomes woven into the warp and woof of national and dynastic rivalries. We see the first roots of near eastern imperialism and the development of the imperialistic humbug that Kipling was pleased to call the white man's burden. There is a much uglier name for it, as Mr. Kirk makes clear in considerable detail.

The first few chapters provide the necessary background and cover from 600 A.D. to the end of the eighteenth century. The bulk of the book deals with more recent developments. The emergence of imperialistic rivalries is described, as is the growth of nationalism in the various states which emerged with the downfall of the Ottoman Empire. The struggle for independence, the second world war and the post-war years, present-day economic and social conditions, Russia's role in the Middle East and the current situation each occupies a chapter. Each country is separately treated as is "this infernal triangle" of British-Arab-Zionist struggle in Palestine.

*A Short History of the Middle East* will make it easier to understand the present situation in that part of the world. Interesting parallels can be found between previous and present attitudes to the countries there. What Lord Curzon said about the Sultanate of Oman in 1892 could very well be said today by Bevin about Transjordan: "We subsidize its ruler; we dictate its policy; we should tolerate no rival influence." Mr. Kirk's comment about the mandates system is also very frank and realistic: "The Mandates system was

little more than a polite fiction created in order to satisfy President Wilson and the idealists who had inaugurated the League of Nations." Mr. Kirk tends to give the facts as he sees them. He does little editorializing.

The book contains a useful bibliography and an index. A number of maps help the text materially. A.A.

**THE ECONOMIC MUNICH:** Philip Cortney; MacLeod (Philosophical); pp. 262; \$4.50.

This is a collection of papers previously published, plus a section on the International Trade Organization written for this volume. The underlying assumption of most of Mr. Cortney's discussion, nowhere examined in any great detail, is that socialism and freedom (the "American Way") are contradictory. An examination of this assumption would be a major improvement, though the focus of the attack, for the book is mostly attack, is the ideas of the late Lord Keynes and his disciples.

In lieu of the nationalist economic policies that flow from the arguments put forth by Keynes, and the oversimplifications of the same ideas advanced by his followers, Mr. Cortney advocates a thorough-going internationalism, at least economically. He would have the United States create and lead a world economy, aping the role performed by the United Kingdom before 1914, when it was the centre of one trading and exchanging world.

Mr. Cortney underlines the very real contradiction between that section of the ITO charter that endorses the aims of individual nations and governments—their intentions to maintain a high and stable level of employment and income—and the more important objective of the ITO, the fostering of a high level of international trade. He suggests that by abandoning the first of these aims, which he feels leads straight to nationalist economic policies, cut-throat competition, economic perdition and the end of the "American Way," the road would be cleared for the proposals to build a U.S.-led world economy in which, he hopes, there will be a share for all.

But he seems to overlook two factors: first, the world has moved away from the free-trade economy of before 1914, in which raw material producing countries paid for trade and price adjustment, toward a world of self-sufficiency; and second, in practice, a middle way will be found, and is now being found, between the two objectives, which, were either carried to extremes, would radically alter the present economic order. Rodney Grey.

**STORY WITHOUT END:** Solomon Landman and Benjamin Efron; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 279; \$3.25.

According to the dust wrapper, *Story Without End* had its beginning in a curriculum prepared for the religious school of an American synagogue (or rather Reform temple). Its original purpose is reflected in the book's extreme simplicity of style and elementary approach. These do not diminish its value, however.

Forty centuries of Jewish history can hardly be told in some 280 pages of large type. *Story Without End* is thus more a digest than a book. As the former it is for the most part a competent piece of work and should be welcomed. For all its brevity, it manages to give a good account of the origin and development of the Jewish people through the ages, and the changes in outlook which different environments produced. The transformation of Jehovah from a local tribal deity into the all-pervasive God of today, and the growth of the ethical concept in the Jewish religion are interestingly and effectively described.

There is considerable emphasis on economic determinism. Bible history is translated into modern economic and poli-



tical terms. The development of classes is outlined and the rise of the prophets accounted for. Thus the reason for Amos' outcry: "There was too great inequality of wealth in Israel, too many ragged, underfed children, too many slum-like dwellings. He was distressed by the large number of Hebrew slaves and sharecroppers, people who had once been independent farmers owning their own land. It was the wealth which these oppressed Hebrews were producing that the rich were squandering."

Jewry and others will probably be taken aback by the rationalized accounts of events which are more miraculously described in the Bible. The reader has only to compare his own recollection of the story of the splitting of the Red Sea with the authors' version: "The Hebrews faltered for a moment when they came to the edge of the water, but assured by Moses that the tide was low enough to permit them to cross, in they went. They made their way to the opposite shore." The Egyptians on the other hand became mired in the mud, owing to the weight of their chariots and the pressure of their own numbers, and drowned. Just like that.

The final chapter is the least satisfactory. It deals with very recent events much too fleetingly and inadequately. Judging from stories coming out of Russia during the past few months, the description of Jewish life in the Soviet Union is both highly colored and inaccurate. The book contains a guide to pronunciation, a glossary, and an index. A bibliography would have been a welcome addition. A.A.

**HALIFAX: WARDEN OF THE NORTH:** Thomas Raddall; McClelland and Stewart; pp. 348; \$6.00.

This chronicle of Halifax marks splendidly the city's two hundredth birthday, this year. The story of Halifax is the story of the province of Nova Scotia to a remarkable extent, and Nova Scotians will read this volume with particular enjoyment. The Lord Halifax, who as president of the British board of trade, gathered up the first settlers, should have been prosecuted for his extravagant and unfulfilled promises to the retired soldiers and slum-dwellers who sailed for Nova Scotia in 1749. A century later Halifax was the starting point of a pony express, carrying news brought to Halifax by Cunarders. Horsemen in relays carried news to St. John to be telegraphed to New York and published there the day following its arrival in Halifax.

The details which in earlier chapters build an intimate and interesting picture of other times and other customs tend to become tedious in the concluding chapters dealing with our own times. The book must be the result of an immense amount of research and painstaking reading of newspaper files. It is not, of course, the work of a professional historian. There is little political or economic interpretation. It is a story of Indians, soldiers, governors and their ladies, fashions, murders, riots, wars, explosions, poverty and money-making.

In such a comprehensive volume errors are no doubt inevitable. The writer seems to say that the Halifax and South-western Railway had reached Bridgewater in 1900, but he must be in error by several years. Again, telling of the founding of the Bank of Nova Scotia, with Joseph Howe as one of the subscribers, and of an Assembly versus Council fight for passage of the bill of incorporation, the writer says that several of the bill's provisions "are now fundamental to the Canadian banking system, notably the double liability of shareholders for the protection of the public." But, just as the Bank of Nova Scotia has outgrown its native province, the Canadian banking system has outgrown the "double liability" of which it was once so proud.

The excellent illustrations by Donald C. Mackay, Halifax artist, make an enjoyable book more enjoyable. Failure to include either earlier or present-day maps of the city, or the province, handicaps the reader, particularly the reader who doesn't know the Halifax streets and districts mentioned so often. The omission is difficult to understand.

Andrew Hebb.

**TOBIAS SMOLLETT:** Lewis Mansfield Knapp; S. J. Reginald Saunders (Princeton); pp. 362; \$7.50.

No scholarship in our time is so perfect perhaps as that which is to be seen in eighteenth-century studies. The perfections of a milieu belong to Professor Knapp's biography of Smollett which makes a final use of the old biographies of Moore, Anderson, and Chambers, and of the excellent new studies by Noyes, Buck, Kahl, Martz, and Eugène Joliat. Mr. Knapp's careful study tends to make us believe that this lusty eighteenth-century novelist was—what the Victorians never could believe—a gentleman. We are now to understand that Smollett was offensive as only a gentleman can be. And it is another irony that the horse-laughing readers of Smollett in his age were invariably ladies.

The polite Smollett we meet first in the decent environment of a Scottish country house and later of Glasgow University. With the best recommendations he goes to London to practise medicine, taking along a very full wardrobe that included suits of fine broadcloth lined with shalloon. He becomes a naval surgeon, and in the West Indies marries a gentle blue-eyed heiress whose invested income made possible some of the luxuries of later years—the Monmouth House in Old Chelsea, the portraits by Verelst and Dance, and the comforts of good Parisian hotels and Riviera villas when bad health drove them southwards. We see the polite Smollett perhaps chiefly through his wife, and in these last broken years. We think of her weeping silently outside the gates of Florence when their coach had broken down and they were obliged to walk miles through the mud around the city walls. There is absolute gentleness in the final scenes when they were living near Leghorn in the old ducal villa Il Giardino with its mountain stream and its superb sea-views. Here the hurried and angry spirit was stilled, and in a kind of *coma vigil* the imagination brought forth the decent, the serene *Humphry Clinker*, nostalgic with memories of Scotland and its dusky Highlands where "all is sublimity, silence, and solitude." But this biography is of course dominated by a more recognizable Smollett who handed on the savageries of literature from Pope to Johnson through a period which Mr. Knapp nicely calls a "protectorship." And this Smollett we meet most enjoyably when he is parodying Lyttelton's verses to his deceased wife (Smollett's are addressed to a grandmother!), when he is infecting the waters of Bath, or on his way to the new King's Bench Prison for describing Admiral Knowles as "an ignorant, assuming, officious, fribbing pretender; conceited as a peacock, obstinate as a mule, and mischievous as a monkey."

The person of Smollett and his personal relations are excellently handled in this biography. But the age itself in the larger sense is hardly presented in this study of men and manners. Such omission is certainly uniform in biographies of this kind, and perhaps it is inevitable. But Smollett especially was a social novelist, and he is perhaps best seen as a critic of swelling and rascally Whig commercialism, on sea and on land. We should have been even more rightly in Mr. Knapp's debt had he taken some time to show us this writer within the flux of the economic revolutions of the eighteenth century. We wonder particularly if Glasgow University and the commercial scene of the Clyde had an important part in fixing Smollett's social attentions,

as they did in the case of Adam Smith, his fellow Scot and contemporary.

Kenneth MacLean

DOSTOEVSKY: Andre Gide; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 176; \$2.00.

A work of literary criticism frequently reveals as much about the critic as about the author under discussion. This could be a serious objection to Gide's *Dostoevsky* (now presented in English in the new format of the standard edition of Gide's Works) only if one felt that Gide was distorting Dostoevsky for his own purposes. One feels rather that Dostoevsky is being more fully understood than ever before because of the strong spiritual affinity between the two writers.

What does Gide find in Dostoevsky? He discovers a concept of personality which takes into account the complexity of human character, and admits the cohabitation of contradictory feelings. He sees this concept exemplified by Dostoevsky himself, who was "rich in contradictions" and who turned his back on a thought as soon as he had expressed it. For Gide, Dostoevsky is the man of whom *there is no way to make use*: no political party, no group or faction can claim him, for his work is interrogative rather than affirmative. The humility, the simple Christian fervour, the desire for confession of one's sins in public are all singled out for special consideration by Gide. He stresses also the irrepressible optimism shown by Dostoevsky in the face of terrible adversity, and his powerful affirmation of life. He sees in Dostoevsky an example of the ill and unbalanced genius who achieves his balance in the creation of works of art, and in so doing illuminates hitherto obscured regions of the human soul.

When Gide tells us that he has sought in Dostoevsky, unconsciously or consciously, those things which were most closely related to his own thought, we are bound to agree, and at the same time to admit that, in this case certainly, it is a most fruitful method of criticism. William S. Rogers.

THERE WERE THREE MEN: Helen Beauclerk; Longmans, Green; pp. 284; \$2.75.

When finally Paul shoots himself, I decided to put a night between the end of this apparently aimless novel and the few words I was going to say about it. Having slept over it, the task remained as difficult as ever, the work's lack of purpose having left its mark on my mind. For 284 pages I seemed to limp along with the characters: Paul, a once promising young man, now an utter wastrel, Horace, the aristocrat, who gradually loses his fortune, and Hugh, the doctor, whose disease does not stop him from not minding his own business. I often thought I detected similarities with Galsworthy, Madox Ford, and even Joyce, although the charm of a Forsyth, a Tietjens, or a Bloom were sadly lacking. What, I could not help asking, did the authoress wish to say to me? Why are the actors she set on the stage so dead? After all, they are supposed to be living from 1912 right into the late war, a period bubbling with events and intellectual adventure. The story rarely roused my interest; but I must admit that there were moments, which, taken by themselves, would make admirable short-stories—and indeed are so. I vividly remember Paul's evening with his invalid mother prior to her decease and his visit to Hugh, when this other moribundus tells Paul what he really thinks of him. Then there are the afternoon parties at rich people's houses and that one great reception by the German Stefan George fans (1912) in London, when a French guest of honor spoils the recital, by ridiculing the enraptured assembly. Only then did Miss Beauclerk's creatures live. And so, summing up, while I could neither like nor dislike the whole book with its superficiality, its lack of importance and conviction, I found

compensation in a few pages of good writing and acute observation.

John Envers.

LIBERALISM AND THE CHALLENGE OF FASCISM: Social Forces in England and France (1815-1870); J. Salwyn Schapiro; McGraw-Hill; pp. 421; \$6.00.

The Professor Emeritus of History in the City College of New York has here embodied the work of many years in a volume that is scholarly, mature, and readable. The title is bad. It suggests a study of the clashing political ideas in the twentieth century, whereas the work (as the subtitle indicates) is primarily historical, and is a useful contribution to an understanding of political ideas in nineteenth century France and Britain. The chapters on England are informative and on the whole sensible, but they lack a fresh insight. The chapters on France, although they represent a much smaller portion of the total work, are more interesting and revealing. It is valuable, in particular, to have within the covers of a single volume Professor Schapiro's essays on Tocqueville and Proudhon, which previously appeared in learned journals. One cannot always accept the author's interpretations, for despite his considerable historical knowledge he is sometimes singularly unhistorical in valuations. His book is not as illuminating as Guido de Ruggiero's *History of European Liberalism*, which is much wider and more penetrating in its intellectual sweep, but students of modern political ideas will gladly welcome it. It contains a brief but careful bibliography.

A.B.

KING LEAR: John M. Lothian; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 101; \$1.50.

The good Shakespearean critic, whatever his particular purpose, will try above all to stimulate the reader to turn to the original. Knowing that even the best he can say will never satisfy once for all, he will urge us to broaden our approach. And he may, if it assists his purpose, unmask some of the more blatant injustices done to Shakespeare by critics whose judgment has been too readily accepted. Professor Lothian does this for *King Lear*. One is especially grateful to him for his outspokenness against the tendency to interpret Shakespeare as a great trickster. The stress is on the nature of the vision, not on the exciting dramatic effects by which it is enlivened.

Yet his book is not uniformly successful. As I see it, it is directed at both the interested beginner and the more advanced student, and Professor Lothian appeals better to the latter. Throughout he strives to avoid academic jargon. But in trying to be simple he is sometimes guilty of repeating too much or dwelling on the obvious. The beginner is like all of us: he likes to be encouraged in the illusion that he is more intelligent than is actually the case. In the final chapter, however, Professor Lothian reasons ably and convincingly that the core of the play's interest is the character of Lear himself.

F. David Hoemiger.

THE LOTTERY: Shirley Jackson; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 302; \$3.00.

There is, throughout this book of short stories, a ghostly, teasing resemblance to the work of people like Aubrey Beardsley and Algernon Blackwood—there is the same air of the fantastic, the improbable, the cruel and the evil, all overlaid by a veneer of the commonplace, but the final impression is that even this surface shines, not with the sheen of polish, but with the iridescence of decay, so that one is left believing that even the commonplace is fantastic. This is, of course, the modern romantic belief that nothing is ever right or happy or genuine.

Not all the stories are of equal merit, but they are written with a skill that makes them impressive—never particularly

likeable, but technically beautifully done. "Pillar of Salt" seems to me, even more than the title story, to be a really outstanding piece of work. A character called James Harris (the Daemon Lover) wanders through some of the stories in a sort of left-handed passing of a rather diabolical third floor back. It is interesting to read "The Daemon Lover" and then to read the Ballad quoted as an epilogue, and see what associations you make—more of mood, perhaps, than of theme, and yet . . . It is all rather mysterious and nebulous and one is inclined to finish the book, peer under the bed, examine the corners for bats and the cupboards for witches, and retire muttering ". . . and from things that go bump in the night, Good Lord deliver us." *E. G. Langdale.*

**ELEPHANT AND CASTLE:** R. C. Hutchinson; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 658; \$3.75.

*Elephant and Castle* is subtitled "A Reconstruction." It was apparently suggested by a British murder case known as "the Mickett Lane killing" which occurred in 1939 in the neighborhood of the Elephant and Castle Station. However, the book itself is purely fictional: an attempt to create characters and background to account for the crime, the final episode of a story which stretches over the twenty years between the wars.

The central character is Armored Cepinnier, a well-bred young English girl, who is driven by a fanatical desire to prove her own integrity. She fixes her determination upon the project of helping a young Italian bricklayer called Gian Ardree who, she feels, has been unjustly treated by society. When he falls in love with her she marries him to continue the uplifting process. The kind-hearted but simple Gian cannot fulfil his wife's ambitions, and the strange forces which motivate her lead to tragedy when Gian's father kills her and Gian is hanged for the murder.

Around this situation Hutchinson has built a sombre psychological and sociological study of life in the London slums, encompassing a hundred characters and six hundred and fifty incident-laden pages. He attains a certain impressiveness by the skill with which he handles the multiplicity of characters and incidents, and the story holds your attention. However, it may leave you with the feeling that the characters and incidents are a little too carefully contrived, and that it would have been a better novel if it had been cut in half. *Edith Fowke.*

**SEAMANSHIP FOR PASSENGERS:** Gavin Douglas; Longmans, Green (John Lehmann Ltd.); pp. 176; \$3.75.

Was there ever a dull book written about the sea (with the exception of the R.C.N.'s didactic and stuffy *Seamanship Manual*)? Mr. Douglas' volume, as its name implies, is a layman's introduction to that strange world of seafaring men, the ships they sail and the terms they use. Small wonder that the landlubber suspects that sailors, like lawyers, go to great lengths to cloak their simple arts in esoteric claptrap.

I shan't enter the debate as to whether a passenger should be initiated into the mysteries in order to enjoy a voyage. However, it is all here from the medieval terminology and the habits of seamen to how a ship is sailed. Gavin is an able hand at spinning a salty dip which along with his witty digs at some of the solemn pretensions of the Senior Service makes for good reading.

It seems that the author, who is a British Tar, once sailed on a Great Lakes freighter and was alarmed to find that the long nights in the fo'c'sle were whiled away in a most unseamanlike discussion of new model cars. Apart from the writer's failure to recognize our fresh water sailors as,

next to our Maritimers, being the finest seamen in the world, we have no argument.

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*John A. Dewar.*

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**BROWN WATERS:** W. H. Blake; The Reprint Society of Canada Ltd. (Montreal); pp. 154; \$1.75.

The welcome reprinting of *Brown Waters*, thirty-three years after its first appearance, invites a re-reading and a re-appraisal. Its final place among the classics is not as assured as it was twenty years ago. The felicity of its style is still infectious, and the glamor of its nature descriptions, and the winsomeness of its delicate character sketches. The charm of the author's personality radiates through it as strongly as ever.

If Blake had stuck to fishing as his theme, the place of *Brown Waters* would remain secure. Chapters like "Brown Waters" and "Fontinalis" are sheer delight. But "The Laurentides National Park" suggests now a superior piece of advertising by provinces that dearly love their tourists. Even the romantic delineations of the French-Canadian sound now just a bit patronizing.

Nevertheless, *Brown Waters* is the best book of its kind yet written in Canada. *J. D. Robins*

**NEWFOUNDLAND AT THE CROSSROADS:** Sir Gordon Macdonald; Ryerson Press; pp. 96; \$2.00.

This is a collection of speeches and radio addresses by the Governor of Newfoundland from 1946 to 1949. They may have been acceptable speeches, but they do not make a book that contributes anything to an understanding of Newfoundland and its problems. *E.F.F.*

**RUSSIAN CHILD AND RUSSIAN WIFE:** Tanya Matthews; Longmans, Green; pp. 287; \$4.00.

Memoirs of a girl born about the time of the Revolution, who lived in Russia until recently, when a marriage to an English correspondent enabled her to get out of the country. The book is non-political, and concentrates on the standard nostalgic material of memoirs. But in the background is a lumbering and fumbling bureaucracy which gradually changes as the book proceeds from well-meaning Marxist panderism to an intolerable opportunistic tyranny. *F.*

**THE WORLD IS WIDE ENOUGH:** Percy Coates; Longmans, Green; pp. 240; \$3.25.

An excellently written, and consequently very readable, story of two Yorkshire waifs who live the life of what in America would be called hoboes, until their ability to box gets them into the professional ring. The narrative is well paced and the bitter Midland-town scenes very vivid and concrete. Recommended. *F.*

**ARABIAN OIL:** Raymond F. Mikesell and Hollis B. Chenery; Univ. of North Carolina Press; pp. 201; \$4.50.

The blurb says: "This factual and technical study not only provides useful information regarding the technical, legal, and economic problems of oil recovery in the Middle East, but it also presents a significant case study of a foreign investment and its relation to U.S. foreign economic policy." It is hardly possible for a short notice to improve on the comprehensiveness and accuracy of that statement. *F.*

**CORAL AND BRASS:** General Holland M. Smith; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 287; \$3.50.

The "brass" of the title refers to the General of Marines who writes his memoirs of the Pacific campaign with the aid of a ghost-writer. The main emphasis is on the contribution made by the Marines, and there are occasional criticisms of other services and of the administration for lack of support. The story is told with vigor and what the General has to say should interest anyone interested in the tactical aspect of the Pacific War. *F.*

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